

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Thursday, December 19th, 1901.



The Old, Old Story.

THE STORY of Christ belongs to all the ages. In the expressive phrase of the late Senator Ingalls, He is "The most colossal figure of history." In the eloquent language of Renan, "Whatever may be the surprises of the future, there will never arise a greater than Jesus of Nazareth."

Whether or no Milton was correct when he wrote, "This is the month, and this is the happy morn," is a matter of small moment. Only a narrow literalist will enter into any controversy concerning the exact date of the great event. That it did occur is one of the clearest facts of history. The whole civilized world on this festal day will be gathered around the manger of Bethlehem.

It is not a matter of sect or creed. All denominations swing into line, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic. Those of the most orthodox faith and those of no faith alike decorate, feast, and make gifts. The Christ spirit is in the very air. An infant's hand touches the heart of the world and it pulsates with joy and good-will.

The poor are remembered, and for one day in the year none need go cold nor hungry. It is a hard heart that does not soften, a very close pocket-book that does not open. From the little one who hangs up his stocking in the chimney corner, to the millionaire who feasts upon turkey and plum pudding, all catch some glow from the happy Christmas time.

It is a long way from the days when our Puritan fathers refused to eat mince pie, or wear the holly because these things were associated with the celebration of Christmas. The merest tyro in history knows that the world to-day is far different and much better than the one into which Jesus was born, and few will deny that His life and teachings have had much to do with the improved condition of humanity. We have not yet come up to the full measure of His spirit and His ethical teachings. When we do, vast standing armies will no longer be necessary. The battle-flags will be furled. The war drum will throb no longer, and in the "federation of the world" prolonged strikes will no more paralyze capital and impoverish labor. Greed will not force up the price of the necessities of life. The heresy hunter, like Othello, will find his "occupation gone." Helpful co-operation will take the place of disastrous competition.

Some may deem this a dream of the imagination, in which "the wish is father to the thought" but a survey of the past makes us hopeful for the future. The trend of the race has been upward since the angels sang the Advent hymn. Then ring the joyful Christmas bells. Humanity is not marching to a dirge.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The Subsidy Bugbear.

THE WORD subsidy has been made unnecessarily offensive because of the persistence with which governmental aid of every kind has been denounced by a certain class of newspapers. Many of these papers denounced the subsidies to the first transcontinental railroads that were built, though every one now concedes that the governmental aid extended to these projects, in the form of subsidies, or land grants, has been repaid a hundred and perhaps a thousand fold, by the enormous and rapid development of the western and Pacific sections of the country, which the construction of these railroads made possible. So amazing has been this development that it has wiped from the map the vast area that for many years was indicated as "the great American desert." The advocates of the policy of protection to American industries were denounced for proposing "subsidies" to our mills and factories, and now those

who are striving to secure legislation to revive American shipping are held up to ridicule as the selfish advocates of needless subsidies.

Discussing this subject the other day, Representative Grosvenor, of Ohio, called the attention of some of the most vociferous opponents of subsidies to a few facts that gave them something to think about. Many legislators who oppose the ship-subsidy bill are the most persistent advocates of liberal appropriations for the improvement of our rivers and harbors. Mr. Grosvenor asks them to bear in mind that "by far the narrowest and most selfish appropriations and the most personal and least public of all the subsidies proposed now, or that ever were proposed, are carried in the river and harbor appropriations." Many western legislators, who are denouncing the ship-subsidy bill are as vigorously demanding public appropriations to irrigate the western plains. Mr. Grosvenor pointedly remarks that "the expenditure for the reclamation of arid lands so vigorously clamored for, and for which such strong arguments are being presented, is simply a subsidy on all fours, in principle, with the subsidy for steamship lines," and he adds the pertinent observation that "the subsidy of the ocean transportation system is the handmaiden of the enormous system of waterway improvements in the United States. The two systems, the one for appropriations for improvements of rivers and harbors, and the other for an expenditure of a subsidy for steamship lines of the ocean, are, in essence, identical in principle, and there is but a single question connected with either, and that is, Is the appropriation wise?"

These remarks are calculated to make the thoughtless opponents of ship-subsidy legislation stop and think, and the harder they think the more quickly they must conclude that their position is utterly untenable. Mr. Grosvenor does not say it, but he and his associates who believe in the restoration of the American merchant marine would be abundantly justified in saying it, that unless fair and reasonable consideration is given to the demands of our great shipping and ship-building interests along the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf coasts, no consideration will be given to claims for governmental aid for the improvement of interior rivers, or for the reclamation of the arid lands of the west. Our country is great enough and our people should be broad enough to justify generous expenditures for the development of every great agricultural and commercial interest.

The misfortune of the situation is that so many have been led to believe that the word subsidy is synonymous with personal interest and selfishness. If the river and harbor bill, or the bill for the reclamation of arid lands, called in terms for a "subsidy" for these improvements, instead of using such refinements of language as "governmental aid" or "appropriations for public improvements," the word "subsidy" would lose much of its repellent character, and we are indebted to the broad-minded and sagacious Representative from Ohio, Mr. Grosvenor, for so cleverly calling attention to this fact.

Let the campaign of education and elucidation, and, if necessary, the campaign of recrimination and retaliation, proceed!

A Notable Message.

A NOTICEABLE peculiarity about the reception of President Roosevelt's first annual message to Congress was the remarkable interest it excited abroad. It attracted as much attention in European capitals as it did in the United States. The reputation that the President has won as a fighting American made every foreign Power especially apprehensive as to what he might have to say. It is a tribute to his conservatism and tact that he escaped with so little criticism from his captious critics. For the most part, the English journals complimented the President, but some of the German newspapers perceived in the message a little too much of the stalwart and aggressive disposition of the American people. The document is unusually long and interesting. It is vigorously patriotic and has so little of politics in it that all the leading journals of the country, for the most part, commended it. The affirmative declarations of President Roosevelt were strongly in favor of the exclusion of anarchists, of Chinese laborers, and of undesirable immigrants; the strengthening of the navy, the construction of a Pacific cable, and Federal co-operation with the states in the redemption of arid land areas. The attention of the Senate was invited to the reciprocity treaty question, to the proposed ship-subsidy measure, and to the demand for compulsory publicity of the affairs of trusts. The ratification of the Isthmian Canal treaty, now before the Senate, was advised, and also the creation of a new Cabinet officer, to be known as the Secretary of Commerce and Industries. The message has a strong and well-deserved commendation of the civil-service system, a good word for the army, and a temperate but decided declaration in favor of the Monroe Doctrine, as a guarantee of peace in our hemisphere. These things constitute the essence of a message of 20,000 words, a document that every American citizen should take pleasure in reading from beginning to end.

The Plain Truth.

THE LATEST record to be broken is that announced from the general land office in Washington. The annual report of Commissioner Hermann shows that 15,562,796 acres of public land were disposed of during the

last fiscal year, the largest sale by several millions of dollars known in the history of the department. Expansion of the kind indicated by these figures must be gratifying even to the anti-imperialists. The public land thus disposed of in a single year is nearly twice the area of all Switzerland, fully equal to that of Greece, and nearly as great as the whole of Portugal. All of which shows that in Uncle Sam's domain there is still room and to spare.

A CURIOUS turn of affairs is threatened as an outcome of the Agrarian agitation in Germany. The leaders in this movement declare that if their prayers are not granted by the government, they will become free-traders in a mass. Free-trade, they say, will open new markets for them, will make their machinery cheap, and will teach the Industrialists who are resisting them a much-needed lesson. The idea is a most excellent as well as natural one, and if adopted would make Germany think, but we fear it is only intended to frighten the "Industrial Protectionists," who, after making an alliance with the Agrarians, have shrunk back appalled by the possible consequences to their workmen.

THE DECISION of the Supreme Court of the United States on the territorial status of the Philippine Islands, which is said to involve the return of \$7,000,000 of illegally collected duties by the Federal government, is of general interest, and yet it is so long and technical that few will take the trouble to read it. The substance of it is to the effect that the duty collected on fourteen diamond rings brought into the United States by a soldier returning from the Philippines was unlawfully collected, because the Philippines, by their purchase, came under the sovereignty of the United States and ceased to be foreign territory. This does not mean that goods brought in from the Philippines must necessarily be free of customs duties, for the court holds that Congress can impose such duties if it sees proper, of course with the consent of the President. The decision gives general satisfaction and seems equitable and just.

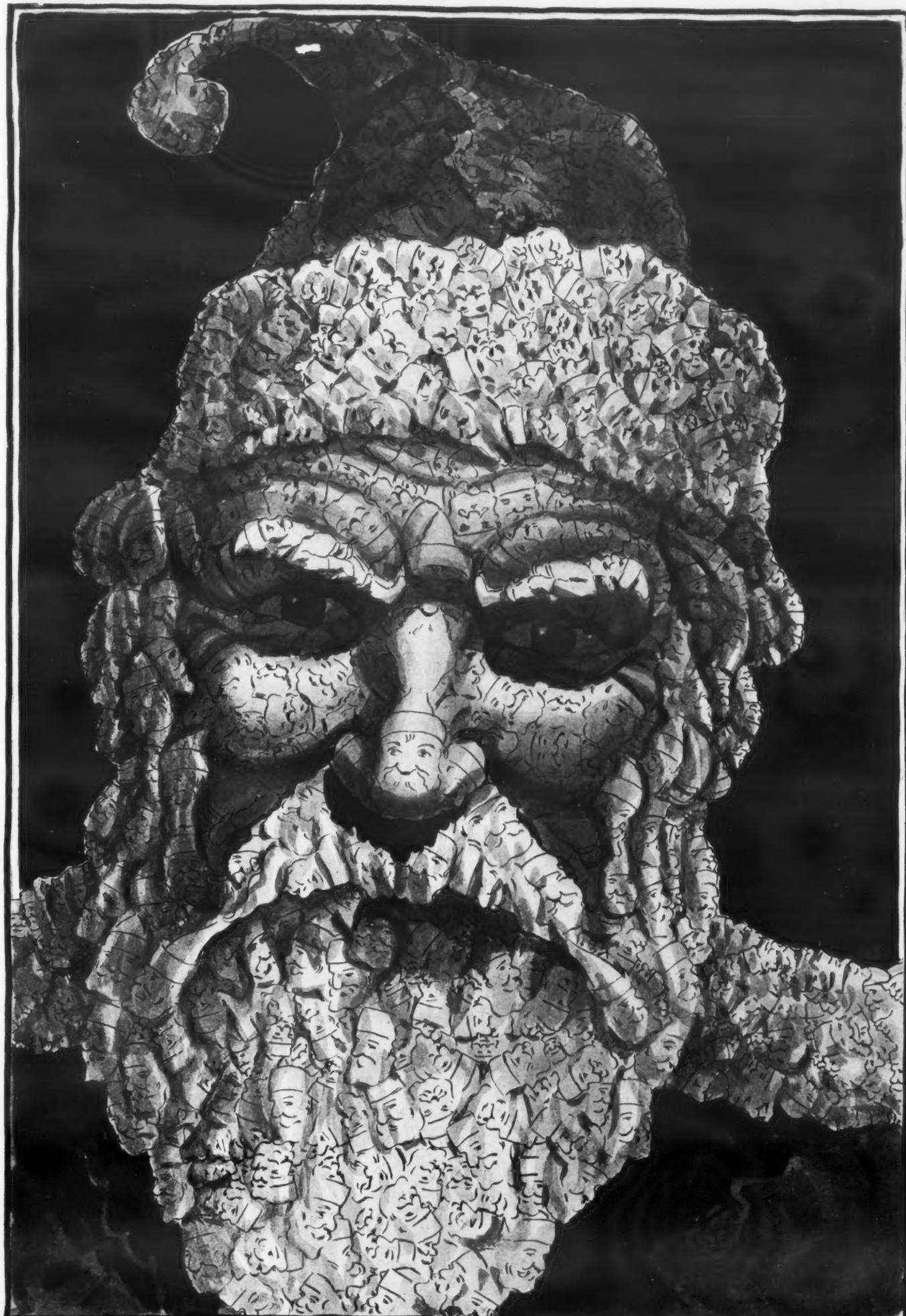
THE ADVOCATES of good government in New York City have every reason to be satisfied with the pledges of the officers elected on the Fusion ticket. No one doubts that Mayor-elect Low will keep his promises nor that the presidents of the respective boroughs will do the same. Next to the mayor-elect, the most important official chosen at the recent election is the president of the Borough of Manhattan. For this place the Hon. Jacob A. Cantor was selected. He had been for many years a member of the state Legislature, and, though classed as a Tammany Hall Senator for several terms, he stood almost alone among his associates as a conscientious, upright, fearless public official. His friends anticipate that in his still more responsible place as president of the great Borough of Manhattan he will achieve great distinction. In a recent interview Mr. Cantor announced that he proposed, in the selection of his appointments, to name the best men, regardless of their politics. He said that the department of buildings is full of blackmail and corruption, and that he proposed to put a man in charge of it who would promptly "put an end to all that sort of thing" and that if he found any stealing in any department under his control no political influence would keep him from turning the matter over to the Grand Jury. These are refreshing words, and all the more refreshing because they fall from the lips of a public official who has already been tried and not found wanting.

THE ELOQUENT speech in which Senator Depew formally opened the Charleston, S. C., exposition delighted his vast audience. The Senator said that the development of the South since the Civil War was a magnificent display of the unconquerable and invincible grit and pluck of the true American. He recapitulated the facts regarding the increasing wealth of the South—its farms from a nominal to a real value of \$3,000,000,000, and its manufacturing interests to an annual output of \$1,500,000,000. The Charleston exposition is intended especially to aid in the development of our West Indian trade, and Senator Depew pointed out that very little of this trade now comes to us, and that we must seek it by giving to our neighbors reciprocal trade advantages. He said that while we are breaking down barriers and winning industrial triumphs in Europe, Africa, and Australia, we are still unsuccessful beggars in our own hemisphere, and that our failure to capture and hold what is legitimately our own is due to the fact that we have abandoned the sea. The eloquent Senator, in words which we commend to the attention of every thoughtful reader, and especially to those who have opposed the proposed ship-subsidy bill, without understanding its real significance, thus summed up his vigorous advocacy of American development on the seas:

Our country, with its superb energy and limitless productive powers, but without an adequate merchant marine, is like Hercules chained to his forge, or an eagle clipped of its wings. Until ships under the American flag are carrying American merchandise and establishing routes and ports and banking facilities for American commerce, we cannot possess or enjoy our inheritance. When the Isthmian canal is opened, built, owned, and controlled, as it will be, by the United States, our poverty on the ocean will make it the opportunity of our rivals. The day ought to be near—it should be hastened by this exhibition—when American fleets, carrying the surplus of the harvests of the South from her fields, her forests, and factories, and returning with responding cargoes from the West Indies and South, North, and Central American countries, will utilize for our national wealth, patriotism, and pride, the superb harbor and convenient location of Charleston.



\$100—Can You Solve This Puzzle?



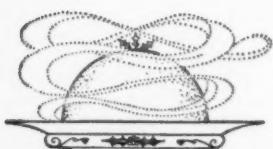
O NE HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash will be divided among those who solve the puzzle of this Santa Claus head by March 1st, 1902.

This is not a subscription scheme. It is open to everybody, whether he is a subscriber to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* or not. Men, women, and children are invited to work out the problem and try for a share of the money.

The accompanying Santa Claus head is made up of numerous little Santa Clauses. The big cut is a composite of little ones. Where do these little figures appear? That is for the puzzle-worker to find out. The heads are there. They must be clearly indicated in a copy of the picture by marking in red ink, by the prick of a pin, or otherwise; this solution to be mailed to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*.

The solution of this puzzle will be amusing as well as instructive. It is not impossible of solving, but complicated enough to excite spirited interest. Any child ought to be able to work it out in the time allowed. An explicit statement of the distribution of the prize money is made in order that none can misunderstand.

If one person only sends in a solution of the puzzle, he will get the \$100. Likewise, if two solve it they will receive \$50 each. And so on, according to the number who send in correct solutions within the time specified. Solutions must reach this office not later than March 1st, 1902. Address all answers to the Santa Claus Puzzle Editor, *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Treeing the Toothsome 'Possum

[See Illustration, page 571.]

ANY SOUTHERN darky will work hard on the plantation all day and run his legs nearly off all night with dog and horn to tree a 'possum. No country "coon" can pass an open cabin door where the odor of baked 'possum and sweet 'taters is gently wafted out. His olfactory nerve was never constructed with that end in view. He will eat baked 'possum and sweet 'taters at any time, but much prefers them on Thanksgiving or Christmas days, when they are fat.

The unfortunate 'possum in the picture was captured last fall upon the land of James W. Tufts, of Boston,

who has bought 6,000 acres in Moore County, North Carolina. At Pinehurst he has established a Yankee village and erected the largest winter-resort hotel in North Carolina. Ned Williams, who furnishes the hotel with charcoal, "Snowball," who works at the town livery stable, and the old man Cotton, a woodchopper, are famous 'possum hunters and captured this 'possum before sunrise. A 'possum is hunted at night with horns, dogs, axes, and a swarm of negroes usually. No guns are used. The horns call the dogs in when necessary, and the axes fell the trees.

A 'possum can easily whip a raccoon, but never fights a dog. He looks something like a cross between a pig and a white rat, and is as palatable as a Christmas turkey fed on chestnuts and stuffed with sage dressing.

For Indigestion

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. GREGORY DOYLE, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue it."



THE STOWAWAY

A CHRISTMAS POEM By MINNA IRVING

'TWAS on a Christmas morning,
And land was out of sight;
The deck with ice was coated,
The rigging stiff and white;
A bitter wind was blowing,
The sky and sea were gray,
When behind a pile of boxes
We found a stowaway.



HIS eyes were red with weeping,
His lips were blue with cold,
His wistful, childish features
Looked strangely pinched and old.
We took him to the captain—
"Now what have you to say?"
He cried in tones of thunder
To the frightened stowaway.



"MY father was a sailor,
And he was lost at sea;
My mother's in the churchyard,
Beneath a willow-tree.
I want to sail the ocean—
I love the wind and spray—
And my name is Davy Denker,"
Said the orphan stowaway.



Picture by A. B. Phelan.

THE captain swore a little,
As sailors often do;
His eyes were bright and humid
With something soft as dew.
But when he spoke 'twas gruffly—
"I guess that you can stay,
Though a ship is not a nursery,
My youthful stowaway."

THROUGH days of sunny weather
And nights of sleet and storm
A boyish shape was ever
By the captain's burly form.
His "Christmas gift" he called him;
Fast friends and comrades they—
The stern and grizzled master
And the little stowaway.

SEE yonder splendid vessel—
A miracle of grace—
With decks as white as silver,
And spars as fine as lace;
And on the bridge a figure
In blue and buttons gay?
It is Captain Davy Denker
And his good ship "Stowaway."

Hints to Money-makers.

I AM SORRY that I cannot honestly open to holders of speculative stocks bright prospects in this holiday season of an approaching boom. December has usually been an off-month in the stock market. Perhaps for this reason the controlling syndicates have made an especially vigorous effort to secure a December advance. Large disbursements will have to be made in January, and on these very often a New Year's boom is predicated. Many signs have indicated that large holders of securities have been quietly disposing of them on recent advances. Whenever transactions on the stock exchange have aggregated a million or more share a day, with a strong market, there have been heavy sales for realization.

Suppose that when January comes, it is found that most of the big operators have found opportunities to unload. Suppose that in the New Year railroad earnings diminish and that our trade, which already, in its exports, reflects the great depression abroad, reveals signs of depression at home. Suppose that the reduction

in the prices of iron and steel commodities abroad is felt here; that calls from foreign nations for the payment of the large loans that we have made abroad stiffen up interest rates. Suppose that diminishing business leads to greater competition among the railroads; that the Rock Island's opposition to the Atchison, the Wisconsin Central's competition with the St. Paul and Northwestern, and competition in other directions develops among lines that are neither bought up, wiped out, conciliated, or satisfied; and suppose that the public fails to buy the stock of the new Northern Securities Company, or that the Harriman-Morgan-Hill combination on the Pacific falls through; suppose something should happen to Mr. Morgan or to one or two other of the great men who are steering the financial ship at present! What would the consequences be? It is always the unexpected that happens.

"G." Topeka, Kan.: Answered by mail.

"S." Wrightsville, Penn.: Explanation received.

"B." Freeland, Penn.: I do not find trace of any such mining company as you mention.

"H." Philadelphia: I do not advise taking chances in the cotton market with the company you name.

"T." Pittsburgh, Penn.: Thanks for your courteous letter and subscription. You are on the preferred list.

"B." Piqua, O.: No standing. (2) Would have nothing to do with it. (3) I do not. (4) Not quoted by the mercantile agencies.

"W." Cleveland, O.: I have had a number of similar inquiries, but have advised all my readers against investing in the concern, and that is my advice to you.

"O." Oklahoma, Paris, O. T.: Of the stocks you mention, for speculative purposes, Reading seems to be the best, but at present I am not advising purchases. Conditions are too unsettled.

"A." Warren, Penn.: I think you will make no mistake if you take a profit. All gold mines are more or less gambling propositions, and one out of a hundred proves to be an investment.

"T." Cornwall-on-the-Hudson: No. (2) Would have nothing to do with it. (3) Those that have good properties are selling at high prices, and very few of them are on the market. The stock is not for sale, as a rule.

"O." Springfield, Mass.: Any concern that offers to pay you eight per cent. interest regularly must be engaged in a business which the banks do not regard favorably. It could borrow of the banks at half that rate, on good collateral, or good credit.

"I." Scarsdale: The tremendous drop in Amalgamated Copper leads to the belief that it is approaching bottom prices. If possible I would hold my stock, and on sharp declines buy more, waiting for an opportunity to unload on the first decisive rise.

"S." Jacksonville, Fla.: The firm is rated fairly well, but I do not advise speculation in stocks, especially on margins, at this time. On sharp reactions, men with money, who can pay for what they buy, will find opportunities for profit-taking. Others had better keep out.

"S." Wapwallopen, Penn.: I do not advise

the purchase of any of the cheap industrial shares at this time, excepting in the hope that a speculative revival may make them active. Leather common would seem to me to be better than either of the stocks you mention.

"F." Providence, R. I.: Any merchant or banker will secure for you a report from a mercantile agency, which will cover the matter much more fully than I could. (2) As a rule, I do not believe in such propositions. (3) I do, not regard the concern with any favor. (4) Leave it alone.

"S. A. C." San Antonio, Texas: The first mortgage fives of the M. K. and T. sell at a fair price, considering the fact that the road has still to make its reputation as a well-established property. It is said to be earning dividends on its preferred shares, but has not paid them. It runs through a section that is growing, but is still largely undeveloped.

"R." Rockville, Conn.: Perhaps one man's advice is as good as another's, but as a rule it is not wise to sell a dividend-paying stock at a loss when it is at a low price, in order to buy a non-dividend-paying stock, selling at four times its price of a year or two ago. Your advisers in New York may know more about the situation than I do, and if you think so you should take their advice.

"P." New York: I am not surprised at your question. It seems to me that the stock exchange ought to be ashamed of itself for listing Amalgamated Copper without knowing more regarding its true condition. At the same time, the membership of the New York Stock Exchange, as a rule, is made up of men of high character and unquestioned financial responsibility.

December 10th, 1901.

NOTE.—A number of answers crowded out of this issue will appear in the next regular number.



WAITING AND
WATCHING FOR
SANTA CLAUS.
A. B. Phelan.



A LETTER OF THANKS FOR SANTA
CLAUS'S GIFTS.
L. E. Offutt.



HANGING THE STOCKINGS READY FOR SANTA'S
VISIT.—E. C. Reynolds.



THE FIRST HORN ON CHRISTMAS MORN.



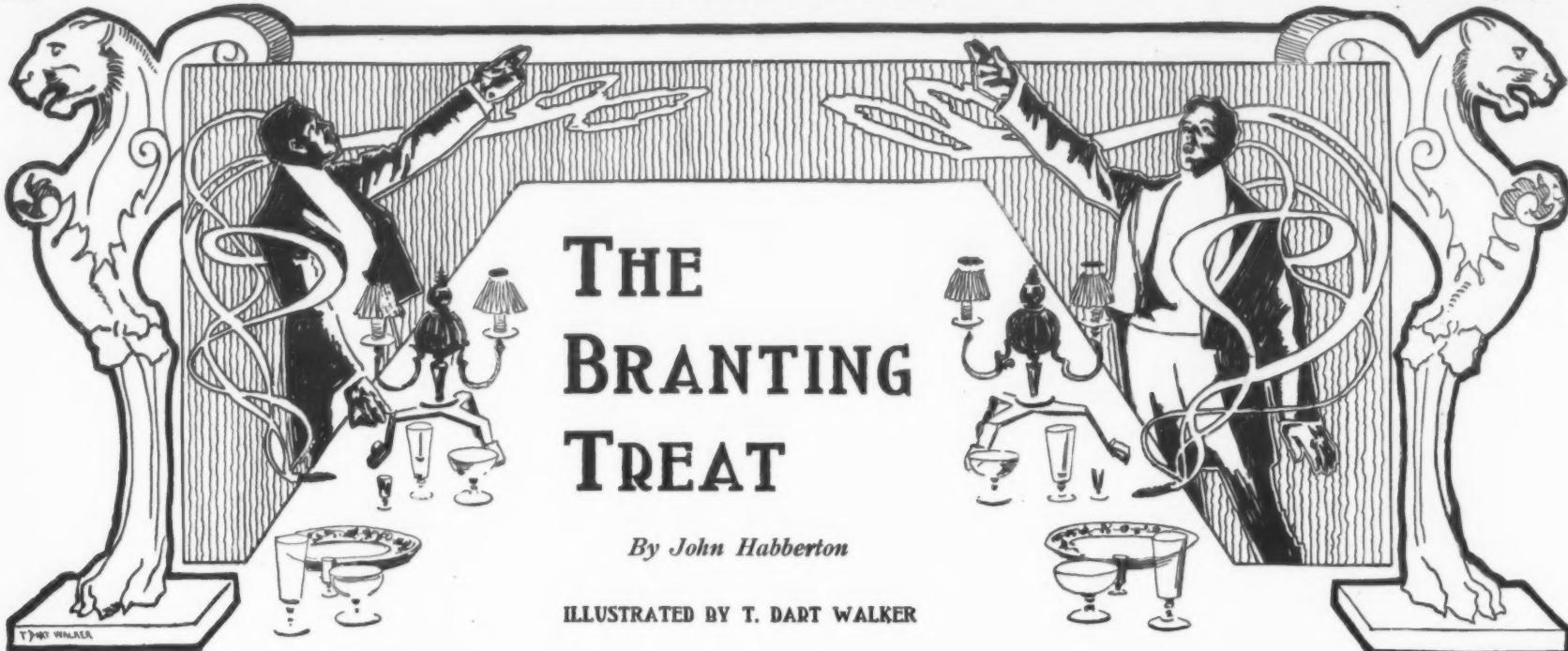
AFTER THE CHRISTMAS 'POSSUM DINNER.
Copyright, 1901, Merrow & Day.



SANTA PREFERENCES THE DOOR TO THE CHIMNEY.—A. B. Phelan.

THE DAY OF THE INNOCENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT TELL SOME PLEASANT CHRISTMAS STORIES.—*Photographs by A. B. Phelan, Merrow & Day, L. E. Offutt, E. C. Reynolds.*



THE BRANTING TREAT

By John Habberton

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DART WALKER

CHRISTMAS WAS near at hand and the brisk young salesmen at Branting's great wholesale house awaited it impatiently, for they were expecting the grand treat of their lives. In early spring it had been agreed that each should drop a dollar into a locked box (to be held by the cashier), whenever he lost a possible customer whom he had coaxed into the store, the contents of the box to be expended at Christmas on a great jollification for the contributors.

Before the spring trade began to fall off the men knew that the box could pay for a luxurious dinner at the best place in the city, and provide theatre tickets afterward. The autumn trade being very brisk, the Branting salesmen had not a few failures among their many successes, so money accumulated in the box at a rate that was really embarrassing. New hats, scarf-pins, costly walking-sticks, etc., were voted down, as being too common to be purchased from such a fund, a railway trip to some other city seemed too much like business, and the suggestion that non-contributors should be invited to the dinner received but one vote of the fourteen.

"The fellows who didn't join us in the box scheme are a cold-blooded lot any way," exclaimed Burrison, the hottest-blooded and most successful salesman at Branting's. "The only good-hearted fellow among them is old Endray, and as he doesn't drink, or smoke, or tell stories he'd be out of place at our table, and wish he were at his own. He thinks more about his family than of everything else in the world, business not excepted."

Burrison was right, and his estimate of Endray's preference explained why the oldest salesman at Branting's had the fewest and least important customers. Endray had survived most of the older generation of buyers, and he did not seem to know how to handle the newer one. He did not haunt hotels frequented by merchants from out of town, nor did he entertain prospective buyers after the manner of the younger salesmen, though a few old-fashioned customers whom he had invited to his home pronounced him a hearty host with a charming family. It was known that he was generally in debt to the firm for advances, on account of commissions yet unearned, but despite his financial stringency (and perhaps the cause of it), he had a son at a country college somewhere, and a daughter at another.

"It's queer, isn't it," said Burrison, one day, "what things some men of small incomes will squander their money on? I never went to college, yet it's a bad year when I don't make six times as much as old Endray."

Discussions on the Christmas money resulted in the contents of the box being intrusted to Burrison, with full power as master-of-ceremonies, and Burrison rose enthusiastically to the dignity of the occasion, for the box contained about \$600, to be expended upon only fourteen men. Burrison gave up Christmas week to the task, only chance and petty buyers being in town at the time. He was greatly assisted by a hard snow-storm, for though the handsomest sleigh and span cannot make New York snow look like anything but New York mud or dirt, there were smaller cities, within an hour or two by rail, from which great sleigh-rides could be enjoyed, and there were "road-houses" whose dinners were highly esteemed even by rich New Yorkers. Burrison planned to begin the day with a great breakfast in New York, to be followed by a short railway run and a three-hour sleigh-ride,

which would give each man an appetite for an enormous dinner, with fine wines and cigars ad libitum.

Like any other good manager he held his tongue until his plans should be fully matured. When he stepped from the train he beheld snow too deep to disappear before Christmas, but his eyes were suddenly distracted from it by the spectacle of old Endray embracing and kissing a handsome young woman. Evidently Endray and he had been on the same train from the city; it was also evident that the young woman had been awaiting him; probably she had arrived by a road which crossed the main line. Burrison winked slyly to himself; then he fluently, though softly, cursed himself, for he heard the young woman exclaim:

"Father! What lovely surprise!"

As to old Endray, his expression changed so entirely that Burrison bluntly slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Endray, old chap, you look twenty years younger than you did yesterday."

"Eh?—Burrison? Well, that's a father's privilege, at times. Let me introduce you to my daughter—coming home from college for the Christmas holidays."

"I'm greatly honored. Excuse intrusion, but I couldn't help seeing and saying what I did." Then Burrison hurried into a hostelry across the street, and over a glass of something he looked through the window at the father and daughter, who walked to and fro on the platform.

"Poor old Endray! He's in great luck, though," said Burrison to himself. "Guess I'll sneak back a moment, and have another look at that girl. I'm not used to her kind."

He had scarcely returned to the station when a young man passed from the baggage-room and embraced Endray.

"His son!" murmured Burrison. "Same chap I saw at the store two or three times, when he was younger. Fine-looking boy, too. By the great horn spoon, to own a couple like that I'd trade incomes with the old man. But what's the matter with Endray?"

The question was natural, for the father had walked slowly away from his children to the end of the station, where, unseen by them, he wrung his hands and bowed and shook his head.

"If that's the way parental affection works on a man," said Burrison, "I'm not so sure that I'd trade places with Endray. Something must have gone wrong. Wonder if the boy's in a scrape? I've heard stories about college boys that would make the toughest salesmen blush, but young Endray looks decent. Why, the old man's crying! Oh, I can't stand this!"

Again Burrison dashed bluntly at the old salesman, and exclaimed:

"It's none of my business, old chap, but now you're looking twenty years older than you are. What's broke? I don't profess to be of your good sort, but my heart's as big as anybody's. Do you need a friend?"

"Thank you, Burrison—thank you very much," Endray replied in uncertain tones, "but I must get through with a heart-break on my way back to the city with my children, and that's a sort of thing at which a man's best friend can't help. 'Twas for that awful job that I came up here. The long and short of it is that my son and daughter can't go back to college—I can't afford it. Two of my old customers whom I depended on this fall have died; three others have sold out, so I'm far poorer than I'd any reason to foresee, though I didn't expect much. My children are brave; it runs in the family blood; you never knew me to whine, though you know how little trade I have. As I said, the boy and girl are brave, but the blow is going to hurt them awfully, so to give them time to pull themselves together after it, and save them from breaking down before their mother, I must pull myself together, so that I can tell them—ah, there's the rub!"

Burrison had never lost a possible sale for the sake of the truth, and fifteen years of experience at that sort of thing will make a skilled romancer of a man.

"Endray," said he, looking squarely into the old man's eyes, "do you mean to say that none of the chaps at the store gave you the slightest tip about the Christmas box?"

"I knew about the box," Endray replied, while he looked somewhat dazed, "and that there was to be a dinner. That was all, wasn't it?"

"All? All? Didn't anybody break it to you, and delicately, too, that as the box held about \$500 more than we could eat, drink, and smoke at a single sitting, and, as you're the oldest salesman at Branting's—the father of the store, so to speak—and as we couldn't help knowing that you'd had an extra bad season in business, and as you had the extra tax on your pocket of two youngsters at college, you were to be asked to accept the extra five hundred to make your mind easier about college expenses, and especially as a token of esteem and respect from a lot of wild chaps to the squarest and best man in the store? 'Twasn't decided till to-day that this was the proper day to make the presentation; then, finding that you'd skipped the town, there was nothing for me to do but chase you. I couldn't mention the matter before your daughter, of course, but here's the five hundred—it's been burning holes all over my pockets. 'Twas thought best



"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY DAUGHTER—COMING HOME FROM COLLEGE FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS."



A SLIGHT DISCORD IN THE CHRISTMAS MUSIC.—Drawn by A. J. Daway.

to do it in this quiet sort of way, so that no fool who'd taken a drink too much could hallo 'Speech!' Let me see; I believe you said you had to get through with a heartache, and that a man's best friend couldn't help at that sort of thing—eh?"

"Burrison!" was old Endray's only reply, but he found his hand tucked perforce under a burly arm, and felt his slight body being marched from one end of the station platform to the other, and back again, while his head was in the clouds and his heart in heaven—or at home, he was not sure which, and when he rejoined his son and daughter Miss Endray exclaimed:

"Mr. Burrison was right, father, you do look twenty years younger than you are."

"Call it thirty-six," suggested her brother.

According to appointment, the contributors to the Christmas-box met, after business hours, at a favorite

refreshment place to listen to the report of the Committee of One on Christmas Jollification. Despite some inward fortification, Burrison felt very weak when he faced the many inquiring eyes, but he put on a bold front and said:

"First, boys, let me tell you a story." A story by Burrison was always in order, for it was always an able effort—of its kind. But it was a new kind that the Branting salesmen listened to that night; it did not elicit a single guffaw, though it was told "for all it was worth," Burrison asserted afterward with much earnestness. But when, to his story of old Endray's misery, he added the romance which he had thought aloud to Endray, and concluded by telling of the transfer of the money to Endray's hand and pocket, there arose a chorus of startled ejaculations. Burrison's eyes flashed and he continued:

"If any of you, or all of you, disapprove of the proceedings of your Committee of One, or feel like intimating that the said Committee lied to Endray, you've only to speak out, and receive the Committee's personal check for your full share of the five hundred. Names?—don't all speak at once, gentlemen."

There were two or three seconds of silence; then one of the salesmen said:

"I move that the action of the Committee be approved with thanks; and that the Committee be retained in its position as long as Endray's son and daughter remain in college, and that we get up a Christmas-box next year, and as many more years as the young Endrays remain at school. All in favor will say 'aye'; those opposed will be run out of Branting's."

"Aye!" said every one.

Letter to Santa Claus

By A Modern Boy.

DEAR SANTA: If you come to me
This year, I want to say,
Don't leave the gifts in other years
You always gave away.
For mimic men and tiny trains
That once were things of joy
No longer touch the critic heart
Of any modern boy.

Now, if you have a mind to bring
Something to make a noise,
And scare my sister Nan away
And frighten all the boys—
Don't leave a cannon toy or drum,
A horn or baby bell—
But hustle 'round and get for me
A loaded lyddite shell.

I want to take Joe Brown a ride,
For ever since the spring
He's hauled me in his little cart—
He pulls it with a string—
And if you think to tickle me
With something that will go,
Eschew the baby trains and carts
And send an automo.



Don't give me candy animals—
They never win a race—
But I'd be pleased to death to get
A filly that can pace.
I don't care much for flying kites—
I want to go up, too—
So leave behind the kites and send
An air-ship; that will do.

Those fairy tales, and Mother Goose—
I hope they're out of print,
For boys don't read them any more—
But if you'll take a hint,
Why, pack me off a vellum-bound
Encyclopædia—
And I'll be happy—for at least
A part of Christmas Day!
ALOYSIUS COLL.

Some Queer Rhymes About Inns

THE ADVANCED temperance sentiment of the present day had the effect, among other things, of bringing such words as "tavern" and "inn" into more or less undeserved disrepute. How differently such places were regarded in the olden time may be gathered from the frequent praise bestowed upon inns and taverns in prose and verse by famous writers. Thus we have the famous inscription by Shenstone at Henley, on the Thames:

"Who'er hath traveled life's dull round;
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found;
His warmest welcome at an inn."

And Boswell tells of his hero, Dr. Johnson, saying, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Archbishop Leighton often said that "If he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn;" which is certainly a very curious observation for any man to make who ever had a home of his own. "A good hotel" is a blessing to a traveler who loves to quote Shakespeare: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" On the sign of "The Baker and the Brewer," in Birmingham, England, is the following quatrain:

The Baker says, "I've the staff of life,
And you're a silly elf."
The Brewer replied, with artful pride,
"Why this is life itself."

At the King's Head Inn, Stutton, near Ipswich, is this address to wayworn travelers:

Good people, stop, and pray walk in;
Here's wine and brandy, rum and gin;
And what is more, good purl and ale.
Are both sold here by old Nat Dale.

This tap-room inscription is in a wayside tavern in Northumberland, England:

Here stop and spend a social hour
In harmless mirth and fun;
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,
And evil speak of none.

At the Red Lion Inn, Hollins Green, an English village, is this:

Call freely,
Drink merrily,
Pay honestly,
Part quietly.

The rules, my friends, will bring no sorrow;
You pay to-day, I'll trust to-morrow.

In the county of Norfolk, Eng., is this singular inscription:

More	beer	score	clerk
For	my	my	his
Do	trust	pay	sent
I	if	must	has
Shall	and	I	brewer
What		and	my

The author of "Tavern Anecdotes" records the following:

At the Swan Tavern, kept by Lound
The best accommodations be found:
Wine, spirits, porter, bottled beer,
You'll find in high perfection here.
If in the garden with your lass,
You feel inclined to take a glass,
There tea and coffee of the best,
Provided is for every guest;
Or, if disposed a pipe to smoke,
To sing a song or crack a joke
You may repair across the green,
Where naught is heard, though much is seen,
Then laugh and drink and smoke away
And but a moderate reckoning pay."

Yet Fynes Moryson, in his "Itinerary," thus speaks of English inns in the olden time:

As soon as a passenger comes to an inn, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walks him about till he be cool, then rubs him down, and gives him meat; another servant gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fire; the third pulls off his bootes and makes them cleane; then the host and hostess visit him, and if he will eat with the hoste or at a common table with the others, his meale will cost him sixpence, or in some places fourpence; but if he will eat in his chamber, he commands what meat he will, according to his appetite; yea, the kitchen is open to him to order the meat to be dressed as he likes beste. After having eaten what he pleases, he may, with credit, set by a part for next day's breakfast. His bill will then be written for him, and should he object to any charge, the host is ready to alter it. "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!"



A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge

By Bret Harte

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS BETTS.

THE SCHOOLMASTER of Chestnut Ridge was interrupted in his after-school solitude by the click of hoof and sound of voices on the little bridle path that led to the scant clearing in which his schoolhouse stood. He laid down his pen as the figures of a man and woman on horseback passed the windows, and dismounted before the porch. He recognized the complacent, good-humored faces of Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who owned a neighboring ranch of some importance, and who were accounted well-to-do people by the community. Being a childless couple, however, while they gra-

ciously contributed to the support of the little school they had not added to its flock, and it was with some curiosity that the young schoolmaster greeted them, and awaited the purpose of their visit. This was protracted in delivery through a certain polite dalliance with the real subject, characteristic of the southwestern pioneer.

"Well, Almiry," said Mr. Hoover, turning to his wife after the first greeting with the schoolmaster was over, "this makes me feel like old times, you bet! Why, I ain't bin inside a schoolhouse since I was knee high to a grasshopper. That's the benches and the desks, and the books and all them 'abbs, abbs,' jest like the old days. Dear! Dear! But the teacher in those days was ez old and grizzled as I be—and some o' the scholars—no offense to you, Mr. Brooks—was older and bigger nor you. But times is changed; yet look, Almiry—if that ain't a hunk o' stale gingerbread in that desk—jest as it uts be! Lord! how it all comes back! Ez I was sayin' only tother day, we can't be too grateful to our parents for givin' us an eddication in our youth," and Mr. Hoover, with the air of recalling an alma mater of sequestered gloom and cloistered endieties, gazed reverently around the new pine walls.

But Mrs. Hoover here intervened with a gracious appreciation of the schoolmaster's youth after her usual kindly fashion. "And don't you forget it, Hiram Hoover, that these young folks of to-day kin teach the old schoolmasters of way back mor'n you and I dream of. We've heard of your book larnin', Mr. Brooks, afore this—and we're proud to hev you here even if the Lord has not pleased to give us the children to send to ye. But we've always paid our share in keeping up the school for others that was more favored, and now it looks as if He had not forgotten us, and ez if," with a significant half shy glance at her husband and a corroborating nod from that gentleman, "ez, if, reely, we might be reckonin' to send you a scholar ourselves."

The young schoolmaster, sympathetic and sensitive, felt somewhat embarrassed. The allusion to his extreme youth, mollified though it was by the salve of praise from the tactful Mrs. Hoover, had annoyed him and perhaps added to his slight confusion over the information she vouchsafed. He had not heard of any late addition to the Hoover family—he would not have been likely to, in his secluded habits—and although he was accustomed to the naïve and direct simplicity of the pioneer, he could scarcely believe that this good lady was announcing a maternal expectation. He smiled vaguely and begged them to be seated.

"Ye see," said Mr. Hoover, dropping on a low bench, "the way the thing pans out is this: Almiry's brother is a pow'ful preacher down the coast of San Antonio and hez settled down thar with a big Free Will Baptist Church congregation, and a heap o' land got from them Mexicans. That's a lot o' poor Spanish and Injin trash that belong to the land, and Almiry's brother hez set about convertin' 'em, givin' 'em 'convickshion' and religion—though the most of 'em is Papists and followers of the Scarlet Woman. That was an orphan—a little girl that he got outer the hands o' them priests, kinder 'snatched as a brand from the burnin', and he sent her to us to be brought up in the ways o' the Lord—knowin' that we had no children of our own. But we thought she oughter get the benefit o' schoolin', too, besides our own care, and we reckoned to bring her here—reg'lar, to school."

Relieved and pleased to help the good-natured people in the care of the homeless waif, albeit somewhat doubtful of their religious methods, the schoolmaster said he would be delighted to number her among his little flock. Had she already received any tuition?

"Only from them padres, ye know, things about saints, Virgin Marys, visions and miracles," put in

Mrs. Hoover, "and we kinder thought ez you know Spanish, you might be able to get rid o' them in exchange for 'conviction o' sin,' and 'justification by faith,' ye know."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Brooks, smiling at the thought of displacing the Church's 'mysteries' for certain corybantic displays and thaumaturgical exhibitions he had seen at the Dissenters' camp meeting, "that I must leave all that to you, and I must caution you to be careful what you do lest you also shake her faith in the alphabet and the multiplication table."

"Mebbe you're right," said Mrs. Hoover, mystified but good-natured, "but that's one thing more we oughter tell ye. She's—she's a trifle dark complected."

The schoolmaster smiled. "Well?" he said, patiently.

"She isn't a nigger nor an Injin, ye know! But she's kinder a half Spanish, half Mexican Injin—what they call—mes—mes—"

"Mestiza," suggested Mr. Brooks; "a half breed or mongrel."

"I reckon. Now thar wouldn't be an objection to that, eh?" said Mr. Hoover, a little uneasily.

"Not by me," returned the schoolmaster, cheerfully. "And although this school is state aided, it's not a 'public school' in the eye of the law—so you have only the foolish prejudices of your neighbors to deal with."

He had recognized the reason of their hesitation and knew the strong racial antagonism held toward the negro and Indian by Mr. Hoover's southwestern compatriots, and he could not refrain from "rubbing it in."

"They kin see," interposed Mrs. Hoover, "that she's not a nigger, for her hair don't 'kink,' and a furrin' Injin of course is different from one o' our own."

"If they hear her speak Spanish, and you simply say she is a foreigner—as she is—it will be all right," said the schoolmaster, smilingly. "Let her come, I'll look after her."

Much relieved, after a few words, the couple took their departure—the schoolmaster promising to call the next afternoon at the Hoovers' ranch and meet his new scholar. "Ye might give us a hint or two how she oughter be fixed up afore she join the school."

The ranch was about four miles from the schoolhouse, and as Mr. Brooks drew rein before the Hoovers' gate, he appreciated the devotion of the couple who were willing to send the child that distance twice a day. The house with its outbuildings was on a more liberal scale than its neighbors, and showed few of the makeshifts and half-hearted advances toward permanent occupation common to the southwestern pioneers, who were more or less nomads in instinct and circumstances. He was ushered into a well-furnished sitting-room, whose glaring freshness was subdued and repressed by black framed engravings of Scriptural subjects. As Mr. Brooks glanced at them, and recalled the schoolrooms of the old missions with their monastic shadows which half hid the gaudy, tinselled saints and flaming or ensanguined hearts upon the walls, he feared that the little waif of Mother Church had not gained any cheerfulness in the exchange.

As she entered the room with Mrs. Hoover, her large dark eyes—the most noticeable feature in her small face—seemed to sustain the schoolmaster's fanciful fear in their half frightened wonder. She was clinging closely to Mrs. Hoover's side, as if recognizing the good woman's maternal kindness, even while doubtful of her purpose, but on the schoolmaster's addressing her in Spanish, a singular change took place in their relative positions. A quick look of intelligence came into her melancholy eyes, and with it a slight consciousness of superiority to her protectors that was embarrassing to him. For the rest he observed merely that she was small and slightly built, although her figure was hidden in a long 'check apron' or calico pinafore, with sleeves—a local garment—which was utterly incongruous with her originality. Her skin was olive, inclining to yellow, or rather to that exquisite shade of buff to be seen in the new bark of the madrone. Her face was oval and her mouth small and childlike, with little to suggest the aboriginal type in her other features.

The master's questions elicited from the child the fact that she could read and write, that she knew her "Hail Mary" and Creed (happily the Protestant Mrs. Hoover was unable to follow this questioning), but he also elicited the more disturbing fact that her replies and confidences suggested a certain familiarity and equality of condition which he could only set down to his own youthfulness of appearance. He was apprehensive that she might even make some remark regarding Mrs. Hoover, and was not sorry that the latter did not understand Spanish. But before he left he managed to speak with Mrs. Hoover alone, and suggested a change in the costume of the pupil when she came to school. "The better she is dressed," suggested the wily young diplomat, "the less likely is she to awaken any suspicion of her race."

"Now, that's jest what's botherin' me, Mr. Brooks," returned Mrs. Hoover, with a troubled face. "for you see, she's a growin' girl, and" she concluded, with some embarrassment, "I can't make up my mind how to dress her."

"How old is she?" asked the master, abruptly.

"Goin' on twelve—but—" and Mrs. Hoover again hesitated.

"Why, two of my scholars—the Bromley girls, are over fourteen," said the master, "and you know how they are dressed," but here he hesitated in his turn. It had suddenly occurred to him that the little waif was from the extreme south and the precocious maturity of the mixed races then was well known. He even remembered, to his alarm, to have seen brides of twelve and mothers of fourteen among the native villagers. This might also account for the suggestion of equality in her manner, and even for a slight coquettishness which he thought he had noticed in her when he had addressed her, playfully, as a muchacha. "I should dress her in something Spanish," he said, hurriedly—"something white, you know, with plenty of flounces and a little black lace—or a black silk skirt and a lace scarf, you know. She'll be all right if you don't make her look like a servant or a dependant," he added with a show of confidence he was far from feeling. "But you haven't told me her name," he concluded.

"As we're reckonin' to adopt her," said Mrs. Hoover, gravely, "you'll give her ours."

"But I can't call her 'Miss Hoover,'" suggested the master, "what's her first name?"

"We was thinkin' o' Serafina Ann," said Mrs. Hoover with more gravity.

"But what was her name?" persisted the master.

"Well—" returned Mrs. Hoover, with a troubled look, "me and Hiram consider it's a heathenish sort of name for a young girl—but you'll find it in my brother's letter," she took a letter from under the lid of a large Bible on the table and pointed to a passage in it. "The child was christened 'Conception,'" read the master. "Why, that's one of the Marys!"

"The which?" asked Mrs. Hoover, severely.

"One of the titles of the Virgin Mary; 'Maria de la Concepcion,'" said Mr. Brooks, glibly.

"It don't sound much like anythin' so Christian and decent as Maria or Mary," returned Mrs. Hoover, suspiciously.

"But the abbreviation 'Concha' is very pretty. In fact it's just the thing; it's so very Spanish," returned the master, decisively. "And you know that the squaw who hangs about the mining camp is called 'Reservatus Ann,' and old Mrs. Perkins' negro cook is called 'Aunt Serafina,' so Seraphina Ann is too suggestive. Concha Hoover's the name."

"P'raps you're right," said Mrs. Hoover, meditatively.

"And dress her so she'll look like her name, and you'll be all right," said the master gaily, as he took his departure.

Nevertheless it was with some anxiety that the next morning he heard the sound of hoofs on the rocky bridle path leading to the schoolhouse. He had already informed his little flock of the probable addition to their number and their breathless curiosity now accented the appearance of Mr. Hoover, riding past the window, followed by a little figure on horseback, half hidden in the graceful folds of a serape. The next moment they dismounted at the porch; the serape was cast aside, and the new scholar entered.

A little alarmed, even in his admiration, the master nevertheless thought he had never seen a more dainty figure. Her heavily flounced white skirt stopped short, just above her white-stockinged ankles, and little feet, hidden in white satin low-quartered slippers. Her black silk shell-like jacket, half clasped her stayless bust, clad in an under bodice of soft muslin, that faintly outlined a contour which struck him as already womanly. A black lace veil which had protected her head she had on entering, slipped down to her shoulders with a graceful gesture, leaving one end of it pinned to her hair by a rose above her little yellow ear. The whole figure was so inconsistent with its present setting that the master inwardly resolved to suggest a modification of it to Mrs. Hoover, as he, with great gravity, however, led the girl to the seat he had prepared for her. Mr. Hoover, who had been assisting discipline, as he consciously believed, by gazing with hushed reverent reminiscence on the walls, here whispered behind his large hand that he would call for her at "four o'clock," and tip-toed out of the schoolroom. The master, who felt that everything would depend upon his repressing the children's exuberant curiosity, and maintaining the discipline of the school for the next few minutes, with supernatural gravity addressed the young girl in Spanish and placed before her a few slight elementary tasks. Perhaps the strangeness of the language, perhaps the unwonted seriousness of the master, perhaps also the impassibility of the young stranger herself all contributed to arrest the expanding smiles on little faces, to check their wondering eyes, and hush their eager whispers. By degrees, heads were again lowered over their tasks, the scratching of pencils on slates and the distant rapping of woodpeckers again indicated the normal quiet of the schoolroom and the master knew he had triumphed, and the ordeal was past.

But not as regarded himself. For although the new pupil had accepted his instructions with childlike sub-

missiveness and even, as it seemed to him, a childlike comprehension, he could not help noticing that she occasionally glanced at him with a demure suggestion of some understanding between them, or as if they were playing at master and pupil. This naturally annoyed him, and perhaps added a severer dignity to his manner, which did not appear to be effective, however, and which he fancied secretly amused her. Was she covertly laughing at him? Yet against this, once or twice, as her big eyes wandered from her task over the room they encountered the curious gaze of the other children and he fancied he saw an exchange of that freemasonry of intelligence common to children in the presence of their elders, even when strangers to each other. He looked forward to recess to see how she would get on with her companions; he knew that this would settle her status in the school and perhaps elsewhere. Even her limited English vocabulary would not in any way affect that instinctive childlike test of superiority. But he was surprised when the hour of recess came, and he had explained to her in Spanish and English its purpose, to see her quietly put her arm around the waist of Matilda Bromley, the tallest girl in the school, as the two whisked themselves off to the playground. She was a mere child after all!

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Other things seemed to confirm this opinion. Later, when the children returned from recess, the young stranger had instantly become a popular idol, and had evidently dispensed her favors and patronage generously. The elder Bromley girl was wearing her lace veil, another had possession of her handkerchief and a third displayed the rose which had adorned her left ear—things of which the master was obliged to take note with view of returning them to the prodigal little barbarian at the close of school. Later, he was, however, much perplexed by the mysterious passage, under the desks, of some unknown object which apparently was making the circuit of the school. With the annoyed consciousness that he was perhaps unwillingly participating in some game, he finally "nailed it" in the possession of Demosthenes Walker, aged six—to the spontaneous outcry of "Catched!" from the whole school. When produced from Master Walker's desk in company with a horned toad and a piece of gingerbread, it was found to be Concha's white satin slipper, the young girl herself, meanwhile, bending demurely over her task with the bereft foot tucked up like a bird's, under her skirt. The master, reserving reproof of this and other enormities until later, contented himself with commanding the slipper to be brought to him, when he took it to her with the satirical remark, in Spanish, that the schoolroom was not a dressing-room—"Camara para vestirse." To his surprise, however, she smilingly held out the tiny stocking foot, with a singular combination of the spoiled child and the coquettish señorita, and remained with it extended as if waiting for him to kneel and replace the slipper. But he laid it carefully on her desk.

"Put it on at once," he said in English.

There was no mistaking the tone of his voice, whatever his language. Concha darted a quick look at him like the momentary resentment of an animal, but almost as quickly her eyes became suffused, and with a hurried movement she put on the slipper.

"Please, sir, it dropped off, and Jimmy Snyder passed it on," said a small explanatory voice among the benches.

"Silence!" said the master.

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Nevertheless he was glad to see that the school had not noticed the girl's familiarity, even though they thought him "hard." He was not sure upon reflection but that he had magnified her offense and had been unnecessarily severe, and this feeling was augmented by his occasionally finding her looking at him with the melancholy wondering eyes of a chidden animal. Later as he was moving among the desks, overlooking the tasks of the individual pupils, he observed from a distance that her head was bent over her desk, while her lips were moving as if repeating to herself her lesson, and that afterwards, with a swift look around the room to assure herself that she was unobserved, she made a hurried sign of the Cross. It occurred to him that this might have followed some penitential prayer of the child and remembering her tuition by the Padres, it gave him an idea. He dismissed school a few moments earlier in



"THE HOLY FATHERS USED TO SOMETIMES LET ME RIDE WITH THEM ON THEIR MULES" SAID CONCHA, LEANING OVER HER SADDLE TOWARD THE SCHOOLMASTER."

order that he might speak to her alone before Mr. Hoover arrived. Referring to the slipper incident and receiving her assurance that "she" (the slipper) was much too large and fell often "so"—a fact readily established by demonstration—he seized his opportunity. "But tell me? When you were with the Padre and your slipper fell off, you did not expect him to put it on for you?"

Concha looked at him coyly and then said triumphantly: "Ah, no! but he was a priest, and you are a young cabellero."

Yet even after this audacity, Mr. Brooks found he could only recommend to Mr. Hoover a change in the young girl's slippers, the absence of the rose pinned veil and the substitution of a sunbonnet. For the rest he must trust to circumstances. As Mr. Hoover, who with large paternal optimism had professed to already see an improvement in her, helped her into the saddle the schoolmaster could not help noticing that she had evidently expected him to perform that act of courtesy—and that she looked correspondingly reproachful. "The Holy Fathers used to sometimes let me ride with them on their mules," said Concha, leaning over her saddle towards the schoolmaster. "Eh, what? Missy," said the Protestant Mr. Hoover, pricking up his ears. "Now, you just listen to Mr. Brooks' doctrines, and never mind them Papists," he added, as he rode away with the firm conviction that the master had already commenced the task of her spiritual conversion.

The next day the master awoke to find his little school famous. Whatever were the exaggerations, or whatever the fancies carried home to their parents by the children, the result was an overwhelming interest in the proceeding and personnel of the school, by the whole district. People had already called at the Hoover ranch to see Mr. Hoover's pretty adopted daughter. The master on his way to the schoolroom that morning had found a few woodmen and charcoal-burners lounging on the bridle path that led from the main road. Two or three parents accompanied their children to school, asserting that they had just dropped in to see how "Aramanta" or "Tommy" were "getting on." As the school began to assemble, several unfamiliar faces passed the windows, or were boldly flattened against the glass. The little schoolhouse had not seen such a gathering since it had been borrowed for a political meeting in the previous autumn. And the master noticed with some concern, that many of the faces were the same which had been uplifted to the glittering periods of Colonel Starbottle—"the War Horse of the Democracy."

For he could not shut his eyes to the fact that they came from no mere curiosity to see the novel and bizarre; no appreciation of mere picturesqueness of beauty, and alas! from no enthusiasm for the progres-

sion of education. He knew the people among whom he had lived, and he realized that the fatal question of "color" had been raised, in some mysterious way, by these southwestern emigrants who had carried into this "free state" their inherited prejudices. A few words convinced him that the unhappy children had variously described the complexion of their new fellow-pupil; and it was believed that the "Noth" schoolmaster, aided and abetted by "capital," in the person of Hiram Hoover, had introduced either a "nigger wench," a "Chinese girl," or an "Injin baby" to the same educational privileges as the "pure whites," and so contaminated the sons of freemen in their very nests. He was able to reassure many that the child was of Spanish origin, but a majority preferred the evidence of their own senses, and lingered for that purpose. As the hour for her appearance drew near and passed, he was seized with a sudden fear that she might not come; that Mr. Hoover had been prevailed upon by his compatriots, in view of the excitement, to withdraw her from the school. But a faint cheer from the bridlepath satisfied him, and the next moment a little retinue swept by the window and he understood. The Hoovers had evidently determined to accent the Spanish character of their little charge. Concha, with a black riding skirt over her flounces, was now mounted on a handsome pinto mustang glittering with silver trappings, accompanied by a vaquero in a velvet jacket, Mr. Hoover bringing up the rear. He, as he informed the master, had merely come to show the way to the vaquero, who would hereafter always accompany the child to and from school.

Whether or not he had been induced to this display by the excitement, did not transpire. Enough that the effect was

a success. The riding skirt and her mustang's fripperies had added to Concha's piquancy, and if her original was still doubted by some the child herself was accepted with enthusiasm. The parents, who were spectators, were proud of this distinguished accession to their children's playmates, and when she dismounted amid the acclaim of her little companions, it was with the aplomb of a queen. The master alone foresaw trouble in this encouragement of her precocious manner. He received her quietly, and when she had removed her riding skirt, glancing at her feet, said approvingly: "I am glad to see you have changed your slippers; I hope they fit you more firmly than the others."

The child shrugged her shoulders. "Quien sabe. But Pedro (the vaquero) will help me now on my horse when he comes for me."

▲ ▲ ▲

The master understood the characteristic non sequitur, as an allusion to his want of gallantry on the previous day, but took no notice of it. Nevertheless he was pleased to see during the day that she was paying more attention to her studies, although they were generally rehearsed with the languid indifference to all mental accomplishment, which belonged to her race. Once he thought to stimulate her activity through her personal vanity: "Why can you not learn as quickly as Matilda Bromley? She is only two years older than you?" he suggested.

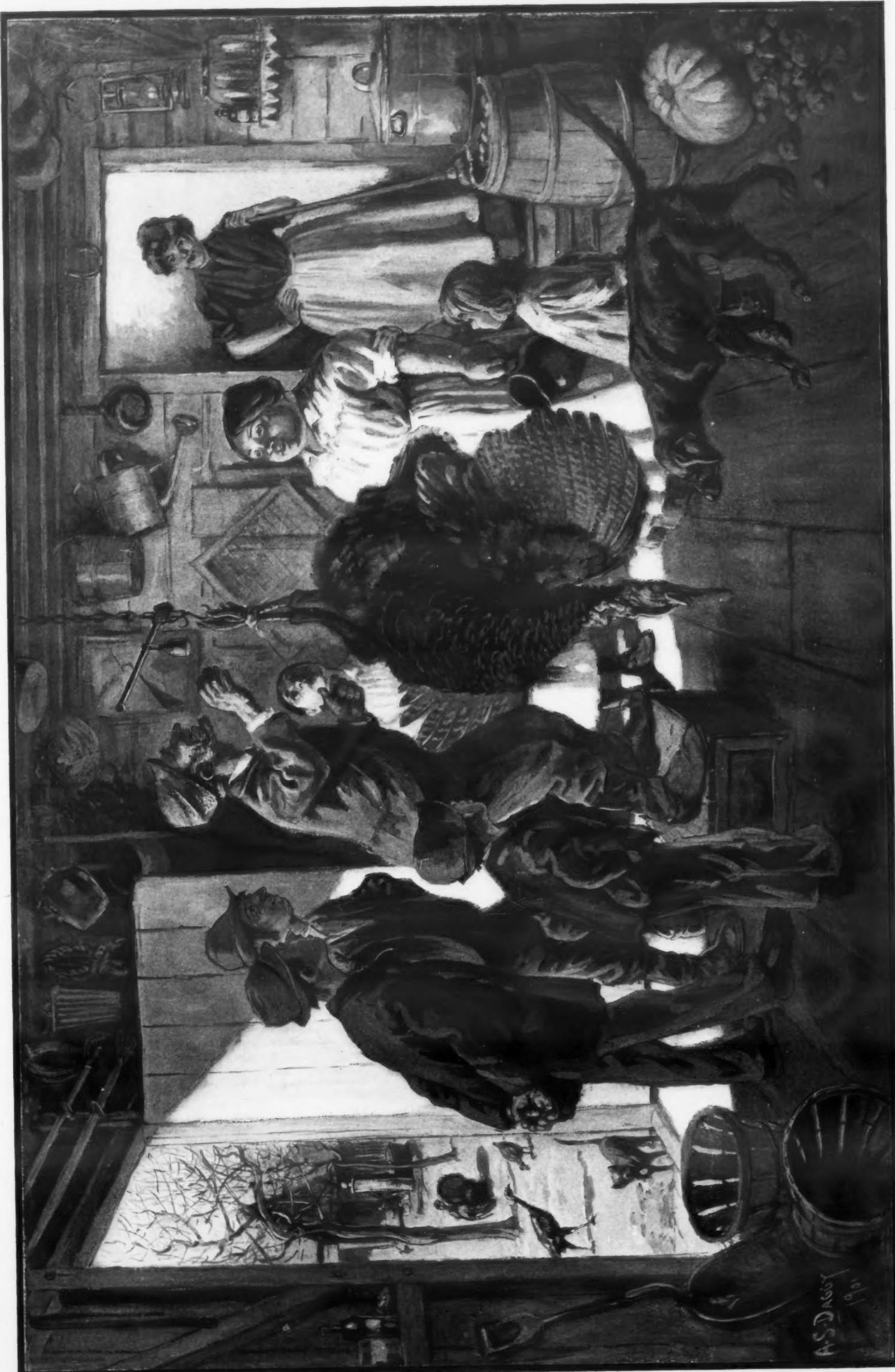
"Ah! Mother of God! why does she then try to wear roses like me? And with that hair! it becomes her not!"

The master became thus aware for the first time that the elder Bromley girl, in "the sincerest form of flattery" to her idol, was wearing a yellow rose in her tawny locks, and, further, that Master Bromley, with exquisite humor, had burlesqued his sister's imitation with a very tall carrot stuck above his left ear. This the master promptly removed, adding an additional sum to the humorist's already overflowing slate by way of penance, and returned to Concha. "But wouldn't you like to be as clever as she? You can if you will only learn."

"What for shuld I? Look you; she has a devotion for the tall one—the boy Brown! Ah! I want him not."

Yet notwithstanding this lack of noble ambition Concha seemed to have absorbed the "devotion" of the boys, big and little, and, as the master presently discovered, even that of many of the adult population. There were always loungers on the bridlepath at the opening and closing of school, and the vaquero, who now always accompanied her, became an object of envy. Possibly this caused the master to observe him closely. He

Continued on page 596.



THE PROFIT ON THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.
WEIGHING THE BIRD AT THE FARM-YARD BEFORE IT GOES TO TOWN.

Drawn by A. S. DRURY.

The Homeliest Boy on Earth

A DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS STORY

By Kate Upson Clark

IT WAS on the day before Christmas, three years ago, that I first saw him. He was standing on a corner of one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world, where three sets of surface-car lines cross each other at acute angles, and an elevated railroad roars overhead. He looked as if he ought to have been selling papers; but the afternoon editions were only just out, and I reflected that he was probably enjoying one more moment of idleness before he entered upon the tremendous competitions of the evening's campaign.

Both of us had been stopped on the curbstone by a crush of cars and other vehicles, such as is constantly occurring at that particular point. Three or four people stood between us; but the phenomenal homeliness of the boy caught and held my attention.

His eyes were badly crossed. One fixedly regarded the scene before us, while the other surveyed a lofty cornice across the street, but both were alike in being red and watery, while they were butressed by a collection of strong and uncompromising freckles. His nose was flat and shovel-shaped, and his mouth extended from ear to ear. His hair was stiff and caroty, and it had not been cut for six months. It protruded through holes in his dingy old cap, bristled out above his ears, and formed a fierce dado all around the top of his ragged coat-collar.

The crush continued. I began to reflect that it was time I should be at the hospital, a good six blocks away. A car-starter was waving his hands frantically, and dashing here and there. Two policemen, sons of Anak for size, bulged and bourgeoned in and out among the impatient and struggling throng. Endless strings of car-beads stood, as far as one could see, and vehicles of all descriptions were wedged in on either side of them, while a vast truck, with one wheel splitting off its side—the driver important and elated at his sudden consequence—lay helpless across everything.

The homeliest boy on earth gazed on this scene and, simultaneously, upon the cornice, with rapt and even feverish delight. It was evident that for several moments more the congestion must continue. People began to cross the street, in spite of the efforts of the policemen and the car-starter. They threaded their way underneath the heads and even the bodies of the horses, and paused with defiant mien under the very noses of the death-dealing fenders.

At length one tremendous shove on the part of the dozen or more men and the two or three pairs of horses at work on the truck, dragged the last vestige of it from off the tracks, and the stream of commerce began again its mad flow. Down the long lines of cars rang two bells—two bells—two bells—and the universe once more revolved, as after Joshua's experiment at Aijalon.

Suddenly, almost before the crowd around me began to loosen, a wild, half-smothered shriek arose from them all—that vague, blood-curdling noise uttered only by a multitude which has, for the instant, lost its self-consciousness and self-control. The thing was too swift to describe. The homeliest boy on earth, a tiny girl, and an oncoming car, together with several teams, were mixed up in it; while myself was half-way between the car and the curbstone.

The little girl had somehow got caught under the car-wheels while she was crossing the street. She had probably been holding her mother's hand, but had been torn from it; and right before our eyes, yet beyond our reach, she was running, seemingly into death. She gave a desperate plunge forward, then backward, then forward again; while the motor-men, pale and frightened, tried to stop their cars, and the blood of every spectator froze with fear.

We all started for the child; but the one who got there was the boy—got there whole seconds before the rest of us—got there in time. And then we saw the child lying stretched out in the street—a pretty, flaxen-haired girl, six or seven years old; her short, flaring skirt—so near had she come to destruction—caught underneath the awful wheels of one car, while her pretty picture-hat lay

beneath the wheels of another. But she herself was whole and sound, just where the boy had dropped her after that one fierce, wild, effectual snatch, and he had dropped beside her, to the definite annoyance of the drivers of two hacks, a hansom, a delivery wagon, and an automobile, all of which had to give decided and very quick swerves, in order to avoid running over the prostrate figures.

As soon as the cars dared to move, the sons of Anak gathered up the two mites. They took the girl into a drug-store; but the boy crossly insisted upon being dumped directly on the curb-stone, just where he had been standing.

He had lost his cap in the scrimmage, and now his caroty hair was standing out all over his head, like a fox's brush; or, better, a porcupine's quills. Several men tried to tell him how well he had done, and several ladies slipped coins into his hand, but, to the consternation of all of his admirers, he glowered at them with one eye, and at the sky with the other, and spat out such peppery and even profane words that they were glad to pass on and leave the hero to his own vicious temper.

Like everybody who had passed through this thrilling scene, I was trembling in every limb; and I did not get over it for a half hour or more. The boy, too, was quaking. I had returned to the curb-stone, on purpose to watch him. The hospital would have to wait. I had become interested in this eccentric being, and I was determined, in spite of his surly behavior, that I would find some way of approaching him. I listened while he answered the scores of questions which were put to him.

"Naw. Don't want none. Naw; di'n't know her. Naw; course I di'n't hear nobody holler. Say, yer cop, yer, kent they leave a feller be?"

He took the coins they gave him, but never once did he thank them. He seemed equally and impartially cross to the twenty or more warm admirers who paused beside him to give vent to their honest sentiments, but who went on their ways more or less chilled at his reception of their different well-meant expressions.

Possibly a different demeanor might win him. I would try his own methods.

"See here, you!" I growled, stealing up behind him, and giving him a sharp nudge with the toe of my boot. "Come along with me, and no nonsense."

To my surprise, the boy, still shivering, partly from nervousness, and partly because he had on such thin and ragged clothing, took the hand which I held sternly forth to him, and kept close beside me until we had reached a quieter street, leading to the hospital.

"What is your name?" I inquired, still gruffly.

"Bud—Bud Slattery."

"Where do you live?"

Bud answered promptly, and as I later proved, truthfully.

"How did you learn to haul little girls out from under trolley-cars?"

No reply. I shook him impatiently.

"Answer me, you rascal."

"The baby got runned over."

"Your little sister?"

Bud nodded.

"Where were you?"

"I was off selling papers, but I don't go off so fur now. I stays by. She won't never get runned over agin, ner the old woman."

"Have you ever saved any other little girls that way?"

"Yep; three—four—five—girls an' boys; an' one time I pulled a man out—he was a dopy un, an' he never knowed it. I'm allers a-watchin' fer 'em since the baby got runned over."

"Bud," I blurted out, forgetting for a moment the rôle that I was playing, "you are a hero. I believe every word you say. You must have practiced, or you could never have been so swift to-day. I never saw

anything like it. Now, I want to make you a Christmas present. What shall it be?"

The boy began to wriggle, and he would have freed his hand and have darted away, if I had not clung fast to him.

"I wisht yer'd lemme go," he muttered crossly. "I ain't fer that. I do' want any Christmas present. Lemme go, I tell yer."

In as ugly a tone as his own, I repeated my determination to give him a Christmas present; but he as persistently declared: "Do' want nawthin'. Do' want nawthin'," so sullenly, that I was more mystified than ever.

By this time we were on the steps of the hospital. Suddenly I bethought myself of the baby. A present for the baby would surely appeal to this strange boy.

"I suppose the baby isn't big enough to go to school?"

"Naw." There was a certain sensitiveness in his tone, which showed that the mention of the baby meant a good deal more to him than any mention of himself.

"Well, if you won't let me do something for you, how about her? Mayn't I give her a Christmas present?"

The boy's hand ceased to wiggle and strain in mine. The hopelessly crossed eyes began to wink hard. In spite of superhuman efforts on the part of Master Bud Slattery to restrain them, two tears trickled down his cheeks, and left, athwart the freckles, two canals, well banked on either side.

"Come," I reiterated crossly. "What can I do for the baby?"

"Are youse a doctor?" he asked thickly.

"Yes."

"Can youse break babies' arms?"

This startling question nearly paralyzed me.

"What do you mean? I set broken arms and all that sort of thing. What under heaven are you talking about?"

"Oh, youse can't do it neither. I've been after axin' an' axin' the doctors, an' savin' my money, an' now I've got more nor three dollars, but nobody can do it, fer I've asked a dozen or more."

Tears began to flow again along those grimy cheeks. They quickened my wits. I remembered that the baby had been run over by a trolley car.

"Oh, the baby's arm was broken, and then it wasn't set right, and somebody has told you that it ought to be broken again and set properly."

A beam of hope played over the soiled and freckled lineaments of B. Slattery. His aversion to humankind seemed for a moment to abate, and a look of almost exultation illumined the eye which was looking at me. I had grasped the situation.

The baby proved to be one of the most beautiful children it was ever my lot to encounter, and I found that Bud Slattery was a faithful friend to her and their widowed mother, a lady whose countenance lent a clue to that of her red-eyed and freckled son, but none whatever to the celestial loveliness of the baby. The Widow Slattery had also the same independence and goodness of character as her son, and she seemed to be equally ashamed of it, hiding her good traits behind a barrier of incivility which was almost as marked as his.

But I gave the baby a present of a broken arm, according to Bud's desire, and long before the next Christmas Day came around, the child had two arms, as good as when she was born.

And Bud still saves two or three children a year from the trolley-juggernaut, as of old; and then he gets mad when people try to thank him. But if you see a phe-nominally homely boy down in the thickest part of the town, with one eye on the earth and one on the sky, and with freckles that you can cut with a knife, and a nose and a mouth that are like nothing else you ever encountered, buy a paper of him, and tell him to keep the change. For he will give it to his mother for the baby, he being undoubtedly that savior of helpless children, the crossest and best boy in the town—Master Bud Slattery.

Americans a Temperate People

PEOPLE addicted to temperance may derive a measure of consolation from the facts brought out by a recent investigation of the English Board of Trade, which show that Americans are comparatively abstemious. The impression created by some of our teetotal propagandists is that we are sinners above all others in this matter. But the results of the investigation show that Americans drink twenty per cent. less of the alcoholic beverages than the United Kingdom, not one-hundredth part as much wine as France, and fifty per cent. less beer than Germany.

Calculated on the per-capita basis of consumption, the showing for the United States is still better. The figures given under this heading indicate that the total amount of beer drunk in this country is only half as much per head as in Germany, the per-capita consumption there being over twenty-seven gallons a year, while ours is a little over thirteen gallons. France is credited with a con-

sumption of over twenty-five gallons per head of wine, while we consume only one-third of a gallon per head.

Bearing directly on the same general question were the declarations made by Father Hehir at a recent meeting of the United Irish League in Tipperary. He said that the main requirement of the Irish people was sobriety. Until Ireland was a sober country neither the league nor any other organization could make the people independent and happy. The growing vice of intemperance was responsible for more misery, destitution, and crime among the Irish people than their political disabilities. In connection with the foregoing, special significance attaches to statements made at a recent public meeting held in Berlin, Germany, to consider the question of the abuse of spirituous liquors. Baron von Diergardt one of the speakers, said he believed that alcohol would one day be universally regarded as an enemy of civilization. Seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, it was declared, was yearly spent in Germany on intox-

cating liquors. It was estimated that the average German consumed the equivalent of five glasses of spirits a day.

Baron von Diergardt added that one difficulty in limiting the abuse in Germany was that the State itself was interested in alcohol, deriving as it did a revenue of \$41,000,000 from spirits and \$25,000,000 from beer. But it is not reassuring to be told that the figures of drink consumption show an increase all around in recent years, and some of the present totals are startlingly large, considered from a moral or an economic point of view. Thus Germany alone pours down its throat over one billion and a half gallons of beer every year, and the American people manage to make way with over nine hundred million gallons of the same beverage. These amounts, together, would be enough to form a liquid body, or lake, ten miles wide, five hundred miles long, and fifty feet deep, with enough beer left over at that to run a dozen Tammany campaigns.

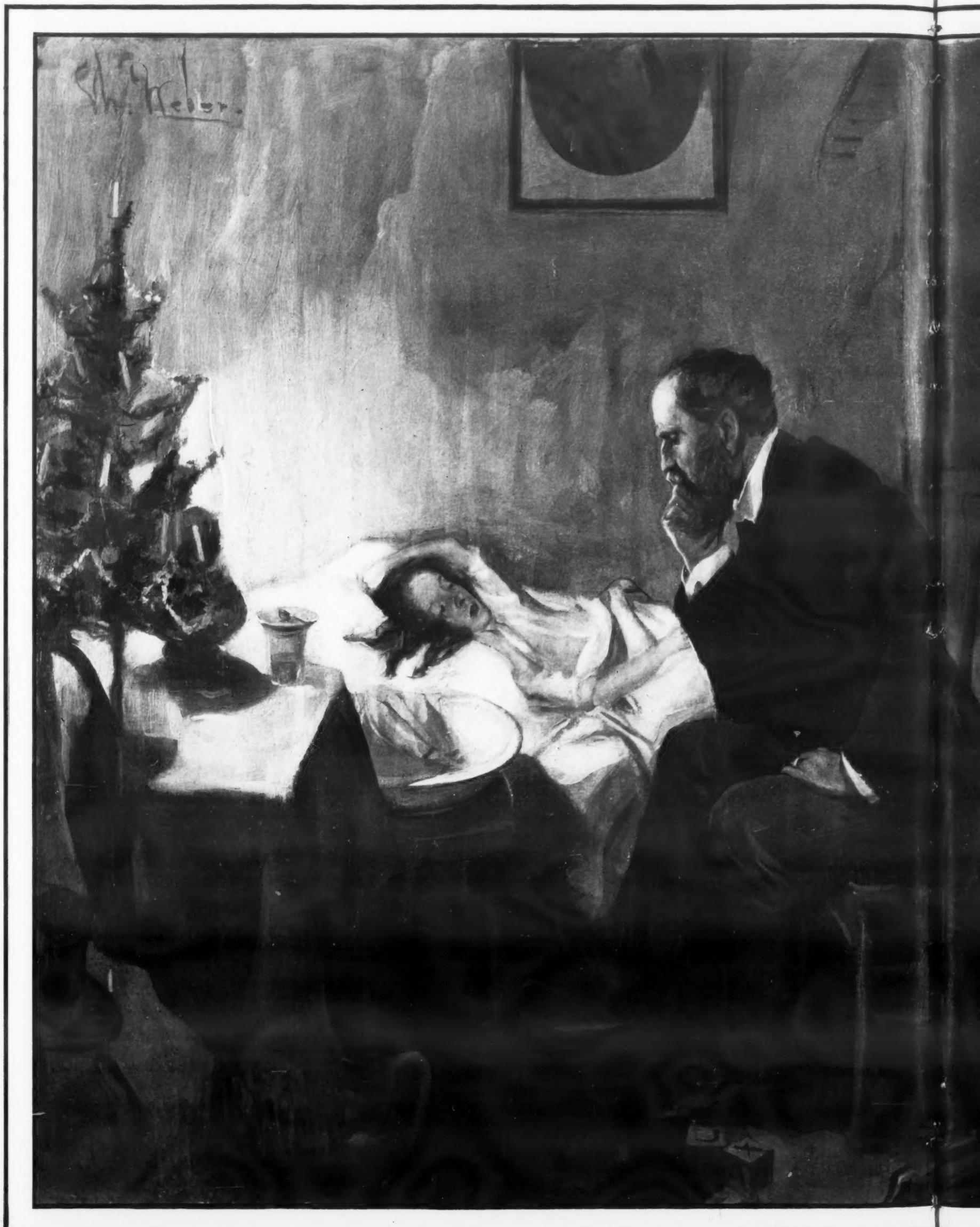


HAPPY SANTA CLAUS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
WITH PLENTY OF CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS TO FILL, HE FEELS VERY MUCH AT HOME.

Drawn by Th. Nast.

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AN ANXIOUS CHIM
WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT — WHETHER IT SHAL A

Suggested by the painting of S. K. Lester.



CH^ERTMAS MORNING.

SHAL A DAY OF GLADNESS OR SORROW.—*Drawn by Charlotte Weber.*

and by the command of Luke. Ed.

VE



UNHAPPY SANTA CLAUS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.
HE BRINGS A HANDSOME PRESENT, BUT IS DOUBTFUL IF IT WILL BE PROPERLY APPRECIATED.

Drawn by Th. Nast.



A CHRISTMAS SERMON WITHOUT WORDS—"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."—Drawn by G. Meinardus.

Christmas in Porto Rico

By Frederick A. Ober

THE SMALL boy who came up on the last steamer from Porto Rico to attend school this winter in New York felt quite offended when it was hinted that if his fellow islanders wished to properly celebrate either Thanksgiving or Christmas they would have to import nearly all the ingredients for a first-class dinner. He had been up here before, and he knew just the differences which exist between his island and America. He knew a good dinner too,—so he said—and he was of the opinion that Porto Rico could hold its own when it came to a comparison of the resources of the tropical island with those of America—at the season in which Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed.

In the first place, he said, we have no winter in our island—no snow, not even frost, and the temperature on either of the days you mention will not fall below what it is in New York in June or July. I can eat my dinner out of doors, if I like, either in November or December—in fact, in any month of the year. And what do we find to make a good dinner out of? I will tell you. Anything in the fruit or vegetable line that you can raise, so can we; except that some fruits, like apples, pears, and peaches, do not grow well in the hot lowlands, and such vegetables as potatoes and turnips are to be found only in the high hill regions.

But, can you go out of doors this winter, in or about New York, and pick oranges from the trees? Can you have your fill of cocoanuts, pineapples, guavas, mangos, and a score of other fruits, growing in the open air in November or December? No, you cannot; but we can, in any part of the island. We can go wading in the streams, too, and swimming in the sea; while as for fishing, why, there are more fish than I can mention in five minutes. There are grouper, parrot fish, angel fish, jew fish, snapper, Spanish mackerel, and, in fact, more than a hundred varieties, the experts say, in the salt waters about Porto Rico. There are sharks, oh! yes; and also great manatees, whales and swordfish; while in the rivers we can find most delicious crawfish, which we call "camarones," and in the forests edible land-crabs, which are considered fine by epicures.

I know we don't have such great golden pumpkins as you do up here; but we can raise squashes and calabashes; and if the latter are not fit to eat, at least their shells furnish dishes, bowls, dippers, etc., for the poor people to use instead of manufactured articles for the table. Why, a poor man can build a house—or, rather, a hut, and furnish it to his taste without buying a dollar's worth of anything at the stores—neither nails, hardware, nor dishes.

Of course the turkey is the chief thing at a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner, and though we cannot raise such fine gobblers as you can in America, still we can do pretty well. You must know that all kinds of fowl thrive remarkably well in the island, and, as they can be out and about every day in the year, they cost nothing at all for food, as they scratch for themselves. Then, again, there is what we call the "pavo del monte," or the tame turkey run wild, or hatched from eggs laid in the woods, which, when you can find and shoot it, is a glorious bird.

But, say, did you ever eat a wild guinea-fowl? Ah! that is a better bird than the turkey or duck, roasted to a turn and served in its own sauce. Why, in certain parts of the island there are whole flocks of wild guinea-fowl which are to be had only for the shooting; that is, if you can shoot quick enough to hit them when on the wing, as they have eyes like hawks and fly like chain lightning, as the Yankee boys say. And wild pigeons! At one time of the year—about now, I think—great flocks of wild pigeons come to the island from Saint Thomas and Santo Domingo and feast upon the sea grapes around the coast. Then anybody can shoot them, as they are not shy, and are very fond of the sea-grape fruit. Besides the pigeons, there are doves, large and small; and then there are parrots. Perhaps you may laugh at the idea of eating parrots, but let me tell you they are not to be despised. They live in the very high woods, up in the hills and near the mountain tops, where the great trees grow and the brooks run underneath the tree ferns. They are shy, to be sure, and it requires some skill to get near and shoot them; but they are well worth the trouble, as you will admit after you have once eaten such a parrot pie as my father's old cook could make. Parrot pot-pie is a dish "fit for the gods," so everybody says who has tried it, and worthy to be set before a king—or even an American citizen.

There is one thing more which may not meet with approval in this country, and that is stewed or broiled iguana. The iguana, you know, is a sort of small alligator, though it lives on land instead of half the time under water, and hardly ever grows to be more than five or six feet in length. It is horrible to look at, resembling a dreadful Chinese dragon more than anything else, with a row of spines along its back, an ugly dewlap, and long, whip-like tail. But its flesh is as tender and as white as that of a chicken, and, properly prepared, cannot be distinguished from quail.

Now, if you want me to get you up a specimen menu, such as I could have if I were at home, it would be something like this:

CHRISTMAS DINNER.	
PORTO RICO, November 29th, 1900.	
SOUPS.	
Bisque of Land Crab.	
Consommé à la Puerto Rico.	
FISH.	
Snapper.	Pompano.
Dove.	Pigeon.
ROAST.	
Beef (native).	Turkey (native).
	Guinea-fowl.
SALAD.	
Camarones.	Crab.
FRUITS.	
Oranges.	Pineapples.
	Mangoes, etc.
DRINKS.	
Coffee (raised on the island).	Native Shrub, etc.

Everything in that menu, you will notice, was raised in Porto Rico, even the coffee and the sugar; while, if one is addicted to smoking, there are cigars made from native tobacco, in Caguas and Cayey, which connoisseurs pronounce equal to the best that come to this country from Havana.

So, you see, concluded the boy from Porto Rico, that we shall not be dependent upon the United States for the make-up of our forthcoming dinners; but, at the same time, I will admit that we depend upon this country for all our salt fish, and that if the supply of "Cape Cod turkey" is cut short many a poor Porto Rican will have to go without anything to eat except bananas and plantains.

Negro Census Figures.

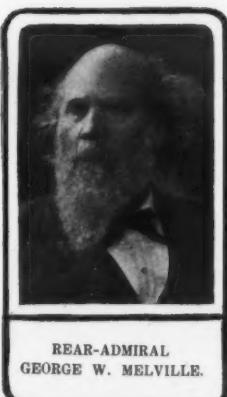
IT HAS been a general belief that the race problem in this country, with particular reference to the colored population, was likely to become still more complicated and difficult in the future on account of the alleged rapid increase of the negro. Recent census statistics go to show that fears of this are groundless so far as the increase is concerned. The colored element constituted 12.2 per cent. of the total population of the United States in 1900, as against 12.5 per cent. in 1890, a decade before. The white population shows an increase, since 1890, of 11,824,618, or 21.4 per cent., and the colored element, as a whole, of 1,409,013, or 17.8 per cent. Perhaps these figures do not come too late to temper the proceedings of the constitution makers in the South before whom the spectre of negro dominance has been looming in a most portentous form.



A DINNER FOR THE PARSON—A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT "AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE."—Drawn by Fred Nankivel.

Christmas in the Ice-Bound Arctic

By George Wallace Melville, Rear-Admiral and Engineer-in-Chief, U. S. N.



REAR-ADMIRAL
GEORGE W. MELVILLE.

IN THE land of mirage and mystery, of eternal ice and snow, where day is turned into darkness and silence broods over all, broken but by the roar of the cracking and crashing of icebergs, the grinding and crushing of ice-waves, the howling and shrieking of old Boreas across the barren icy wastes, far from every vestige of man—Christmas passed amid such wild and awful grandeur is an experience vouchsafed only to the few adventurous spirits. Life in the Arctic is full of perils, at best, with the shadow of death ever at hand; but to the fearless explorer there is unfolded an unending panorama of glory that makes his heart exult and rejoice within him. Standing face to face with the God of nature, his soul quickens and he gathers fresh inspiration and new hope that impel him onward, unmindful of hunger and toil, of hardship and cold.

Two of the Christmas days that I spent in the Arctic were passed aboard the good ship Jeannette, Lieutenant-Commander De Long, commanding. The first Christmas found us ice-bound, our ship partly crushed and leaking. Both hand and steam pumps were working day in and night out to keep her afloat, and were never to cease until she went down. Six months before, bright and alive with hope and stout of heart, we had steamed out of San Francisco harbor, followed by farewell cheers and the booming of guns—bound for the polar seas. Now, fast in the floe, with a leaking ship and no probability of release—never were prospects for a Merry Christmas more gloomy.

The sailor is a queer being, given to forebodings and grumblings when the sky is clear, but plucky and hopeful when the weather looks squally. After all these busy years devoted to an exacting profession, it warms my heart to recall the remarks of a cheery-spirited messmate now "among the sleeping dead." "I like to lie awake in my berth o' nights," said he, "and listen to the merry chug of the pumps." Though the most of us did not appreciate the "merry chug" of the pumps, the usual shipboard Christmas festivities were carried out by our universal desire to brighten our hazardous situation—and we were merry.

The brilliant Arctic summer froze into the darkness of winter, and when Christmas came again we were still in the ice, drifting back and forth at the will of wind and

current, not knowing how long our ship could hold together, not knowing how long our provisions would hold out, and the "merry chug" of the pumps was still going on. But, notwithstanding our anxieties and surrounding dangers, life was exhilarating and not without its pleasures.

Heedless of the bitter cold that was frosting our faces with rime, the thoughtful among us would stand contemplating for hours the awful beauty of the Arctic revealed to us by day and by night—spectacles grand and terrific. There was the ever-changing drift of the restless ice-packs—for ice in the Arctic Ocean is never at rest, but always in motion—the breaking and crashing of the ice when the thick-ribbed floes would split with a roar like artillery; or, pushing and tumbling, rushing and rolling, would crash together or, in telescoping, pile up into hundred-feet floe-bergs. Silent and awestruck we watched the meeting of the ice masses in battle. Like the steel-clad vikings of old in their sea fights, glistening and screaming they bore down, then reeled with the shock of the conflict. Advancing and fleeing, pursuing and smiting, shrieking and moaning, the riot and din of the battle was pierced by the wails of the vanquished. Towering and grim the victors rocked over the heaps of the fallen—then all was quiet again. Night after night, what visions we saw in the star-lit heavens, in that most wonderful pageant of all—the aurora.

Beginning with slight flashes in the sky, like summer lightning, it grows stronger and stronger, dancing a fairy dance of lights, down and across the ice, from right to left, from left to right, increasing in brilliancy, till all the ice king's domain seems ablaze with rainbow-hued light, with yellow or white predominating. Then, with a rush, as of the whirlwind, it gathers itself together and soars rapidly upward in long ribbons of quivering light, gradually coiling in a corona in the zenith, where fold after fold of the curtain shimmers and flutters, and then dances away in the distance, leaving the ice-bound world lighted by the cold white light of the moon and stars.

Often, as I watched the aurora, would there come back to my mind the thoughts of my boyish days, the days when I read of the Ark of the Covenant, covered with a cloud as it was borne in the midst of the marshaled hosts of Israel; and it seemed to give shape and substance to my youthful conceptions of the passing away of the world, "when the heavens shall be folded as a mighty scroll."

While the glories of nature's revelations stirred our very depths a stillness crept over our little band. In silent meditation each one searched his soul, and the thoughts of many turned toward beloved homes. Others had no homes to think of—for many of those who follow the sea do not know what it is to have a home. And

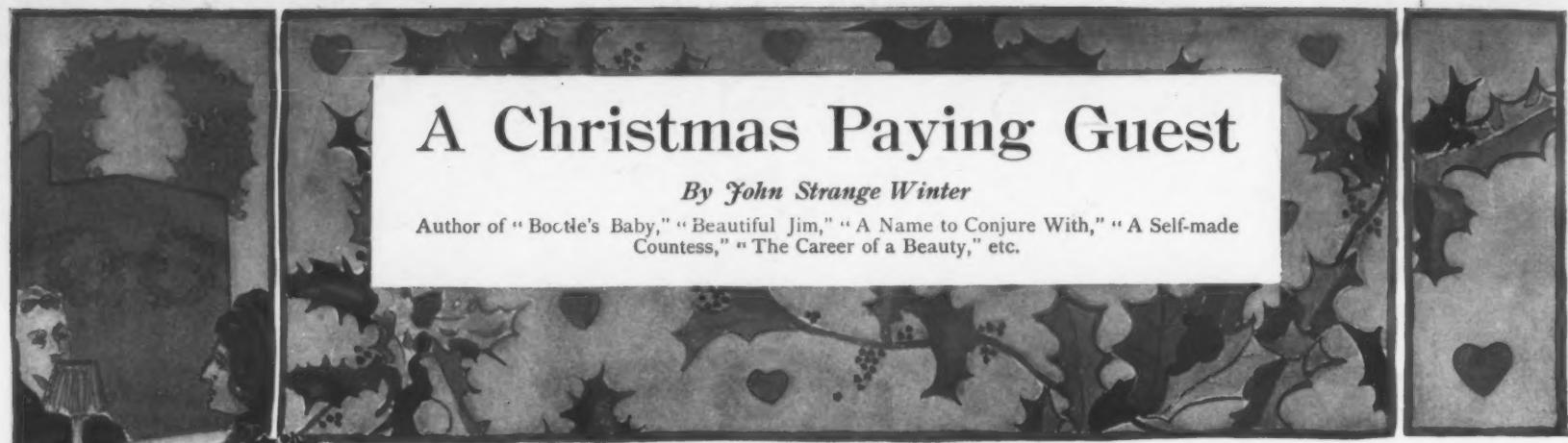
some there were among us to whom the utter silence, pitiless storms, and deadly cold of the Arctic were as nothing in comparison to their shattered dreams of happiness. With desolation had their lives been made desolate, and the contemplation of nature brought balm and healing to their spirits, and joy to their hearts, because of their desolation, similarly so, with the blessed of the dead.

And our second Christmas in the Arctic was merry, despite perils and misfortunes. Like plants kept from the light, the flush of rugged health had left our cheeks, and our hair and beards were bleached to sickly hues. It seemed as though we were turning into a pale, spectral crew to man our ship, outlined white and ghostly against the sky. But hope still ran high and all entered heartily into the plans for the holiday amusements. The sailors erected a stage in the deck-house for a theatrical performance, an orchestra was organized, a play written, and ditty-boxes and clothes-lockers overhauled for materials for costumes.

The day before the performance, with shouts of "Whoa! Whoa, dere!" to an imaginary train of restive reindeer, with a rattle and bang at the cabin door, and in a swirl of snow and wind, the bill-poster entered, and with much ceremony posted on one of the cabin bulkheads the playbill of the performance to be given at the Jeannette Opera House, in latitude 73 degrees, 48 minutes north, longitude 177 degrees, 32 minutes east, between the giant floebergs, near the site of the palace of King Frost, at the mouth of old Boreas. Then we were to behold the form of the girl we all loved, but whom most of us would never get. The programme included the play, music, songs, and dances, an epilogue from one of the officers, and an address from the commander. Admission was free, but the hope was expressed that all might be treated to hot grog and plum duff for Christmas dinner.

On the evening of the performance, all hands assembled in the deck house. Seats—boxes of canned meats, vegetables, pemmican, and firkins of butter—had been arranged for the officers and men. The "merry chug" of the pumps was going on to keep the ship from sinking, and the heat from the engine caused a steady drip of water from deck and bulkheads, but, notwithstanding these discomforts, we were merry. The commander's address was kind and cheering; the orchestra played its most entrancing strains; the dances were heartily applauded; the play was acted with spirit, and the epilogue was well rendered. The play depicted the experiences of a beautiful girl in love with a youth, whom her cruel parents forbade her to marry. We had a handsome young chap on board who made a very pretty girl. "Miss Susan," in her sailor-made costume of

Continued on page 582



OBODY ever understood me. I suppose most people have their troubles. Well, I have had my share. There are troubles of many kinds—hereditary troubles, which come upon one because one's fore-elders were bad or foolish; troubles which come upon one through sheer misfortune and ill-luck; breaking of banks, ruin of business, poorness of trade; misfortune in personal ways, like slipping on a bit of orange peel, or being in a railway train when they split the points. But these are misfortunes which only come now and then; they mostly come in spite of us and are hardly to be avoided, but the troubles that I have in my mind are of a very different order.

There is the trouble of shyness. Oh, it makes the blood of a shy person curdle to think of it! There is the trouble of some physical defect—a stammer, a stutter, a squint, a club foot, an incorrigible and incurable ugliness, and there is a trouble which strikes even deeper than any of these—the trouble of being misunderstood.

Oh, my reader, do you know the trouble of being misunderstood? I hope not. If you do, then you know what it is to feel outcast, to feel a perfect Ishmael, your hand against every man's and every man's hand against you. And that is what I felt from my cradle up. I am certain that I was misunderstood as a long-clothes baby; I was certainly misunderstood as a little child, as a boy, as a youth, as a man. My own people, including my father and mother, made a point of misunderstanding everything that I did and said and looked; everything that I thought, or they thought that I thought, and didn't like and didn't say. I was wrong all round; even when I grew up to man's estate, blessed with good health and a very decent fortune, I seemed to be cursed in every other relation of life.

"I don't know what it is," I heard my mother say one day, when I was a big, hulking boy, "but Sam seems unlike every other boy that ever lived."

"The lad's a cub," rejoined my father. "God knows where he gets it from. It isn't from you, and it isn't from me, Polly."

I don't know where I had got it. I might have thrown back to some remote ancestor, somebody who had been misunderstood in his day, and who in that other plane to which he has long passed over, and whence they can see and know everything that happens on this planet, must now realize that one of his descendants sympathizes with him to the very core of his heart.

I was not bad tempered. I would have given my eyes, or my ears, or ten years of my life to have been as my brother Jack, who walked into a room all smiles, greeted everybody as they greeted him, with a pleasant, cheery word and a pleasant, cheery smile. One couldn't believe a word Jack said from first to last, and he ended, poor Jack, he ended somewhere over the other side of the world, because he dared not any longer set his foot upon his native soil. I never had anything against my character—my moral character, I mean—only I was always thought disagreeable; I was always thought proud, shy, reserved, horrid. And I was none of these things. Well, yes, I suppose—yes, I know that I was shy; but, after all, to be shy is not a crime.

My sisters in due time married. There were three of them. They were all pretty, they are all married well, they all had superabundant families, and they all became more to the kith and kin of their adoption than ever they showed themselves to me. By the time I was thirty my three sisters were my only near rela-

tives. Jack was gone—gone, let us hope, where beyond these voices there is peace. I was well off. I had followed my father in his profession and had succeeded to his practice as a solicitor. He had also left me the larger share of his property after, be it known, amply providing for my three sisters, and I lived alone in a great castle of a house in the unfashionable district which is called Bloomsbury. Once in a blue moon my sisters would come to dinner with their husbands. That was generally when it was convenient that they should dine in that neighborhood, to go on to some theatre, unless it happened that I was giving a dinner-party. But I hated giving dinner-parties. For a bachelor to do that he must needs be a popular man, and I was not popular.

Well, I was just thirty-three on the day on which my story opens—thirty-three; the golden age, the age at which a man in full legal practice, with a handsome private income and an old-established mansion should be the pivot and centre of a large and happy family. And I was alone.

Margaret, my eldest sister, wrote to me last week, "I suppose you will come down to us for Christmas," she said. She said it in a postscript. I don't like invitations in postscripts; they offend me; they hurt my feelings and my dignity alike. They read as if they were not meant to be accepted. I wrote to Margaret and said, "A thousand thanks, dear, for your kind invitation for Christmas, but I have made other arrangements." It wasn't true. Indeed, to speak plainly, it was a story; but I felt that the end justified the means. After all, Margaret was very unworldly-wise. She didn't want me to join her Christmas party; she thought I should be a wet blanket. She is a little ashamed of me because I am not off-hand, and I am not all things to all men, and all that kind of thing, and she is silly enough to show her hand. She keeps in with me in a sort of way because—well, because I always send a handsome tip to each of her children. If she were wise she would really make much of me; if she were wise I should be the most welcome guest in her house. But Margaret is not and never was wise, and so she puts me the invitation of the whole year in a curt postscript.

Then Marietta my second sister, who married a country squire and did very well indeed for herself in doing it, she wrote to me about the same time, and worded her invitation very differently. "Ralph and I are going to Paris for Christmas, because the kiddies have the whooping cough, and we don't like to ask anybody to stay in the house, but as you are not married, and haven't any children, we thought perhaps you would like to come down and put in your time here. Everything will be done for you exactly as if we were at home, and the people at the vicarage will be charmed to welcome you there if you should get at all dull at Thornley Hall. Taffy and Effie are looking forward with great glee to entertaining you toute seule, and Taffy is particularly hoping that Christmas may bring him an electric train, while Effie is yearning for a doll's house with a staircase and electric lights. Isn't it sickening? Ralph pretends that he can't afford to give the poor children such handsome toys. How beastly it is to be hard up!"

I sat speechless over Marietta's letter. Ralph, dear, good, bluff, hearty fellow that he is, wasn't too hard up to go to Paris, and I know what Marietta's going to Paris means in the way of money; but he is too hard up to buy his children the toys that they so yearn after. And I was to go down and keep house for them at Thornley, spending my festive season between kiddies and the vicarage people! There were half a dozen olive branches at the vicarage. I suppose I should have to buy them electric trains and dolls' houses with staircases. It was a brilliant prospect. I wrote to Marietta, thanked her for her delightful invitation, and regretted that I had made other arrangements. Then a few days ago Georgina bounced into the office to see me. "Sam," she said, "I have only got three minutes. Will you give me a guinea towards my mothers' meeting?"

"Certainly," I replied.

I dived into my pocket and produced the guinea. She took it as if there ought to be more coins than two to pick up.

"You said a guinea," I remarked.

"Yes, I said a guinea," she replied.

"Well, my dear girl, if you want two, why didn't you say two?"

"I didn't like to say two."

"Is it a genuine object?" I demanded.

"It is. It's the only treat of the year to all these poor over-worked women. And you are well off, Sam; you haven't any real claims upon you."

There was a little break in Georgina's voice, there was a glisten of something like tears in her eyes. Why will my people always misunderstand me? Why did she come and ask me for a guinea when she wanted ten?

"Look here, Georgina," I cried, "if you wanted more than a guinea, why didn't you speak out? You know that I never grudge anything to the deserving poor—hang it all, nor to the deserving rich, if it comes to that! How much do you want?"

"Would five be too much?"

"I didn't ask you what would be too much. Tell me what you want."

"Well, I've got a hundred and fifty mothers, and I give them a thorough meat tea, and they bring all the babies that aren't able to walk, and all the babies that can't be left at home alone; and one or two of us take all the kids into an outer room, and give them a tea, so that the mothers will get a treat, do you see? without any harassing—I mean without being harassed," she said. "And, of course, a hundred and fifty mothers and perhaps a hundred children—I never do it under ten or twelve pounds."

"How much have you got?"

"Well, Jack gave me half a sovereign this morning—it's like getting blood out of a stone—and I'm—I'm all behindhand with everything. And I know three or four people who might give me a few shillings; but they're so mean, Sam, you'd never believe it."

"Well, I'll give you ten pounds."

"Oh, Sam, you are good."

"Now, look here, Georgina, the next time you want anything of me don't come and ask for it in that way. I've suffered all my life because nobody ever understood me. I don't know what you all think of me, but you never speak out; you tell me a bit of the truth, but not the whole—another time when you have a good end in view and you want a tenner, say you want a tenner, and I'll give it to you; but the next time you come and ask me for a guinea, I shall give you a guinea and no more."

"She twinkled away something like a glisten of tears from her eyes, and with her pretty face like an April day she bent down and—well, she didn't kiss me, she gave me a sort of shame-faced hug. "You are an old darling, Sam. We have misunderstood you. What are you going to do at Christmas? Margaret told me last week that she supposed you would come to her."

"I made other arrangements," I said, with dignity.

"Other arrangements! Are you not going to Margaret?"

"I am not going to Margaret," I replied. She looked at me, blankly. "Where are you going, then, Sam?"

"I am going," I said, impressively, "to stay with friends in the country."

CHAPTER II.

NOW MY difficulty was that I had not yet found friends in the country with whom I was going to stay. I had, however, inserted an advertisement in an important ladies' journal, which would, I thought, bring me a sufficiency of replies from which I could make my choice of a locality in which to spend Christmas.

"A gentleman wishes to spend Christmas," so the advertisement ran, "with a cheerful family in the country. Distance from London not more than a hundred and fifty miles. References exchanged. Expense no object. Preference given to a family not usually receiving guests. Strict confidence."

This, I thought, would bring me in touch with a few families of my own class, and would be infinitely more amusing to me than any of the invitations which I had so far received from my own people. You would be surprised at the number of answers I received. They came from all sorts and conditions of families living in the country, some unmistakably genuine, others as unmistakably pretending to a position which they did not possess. I went through them all carefully on the evening of the day that I received them, and I put aside the most likely ones, gathering all that suggested any blemish into a bundle. The likely ones were thus reduced to seven. Three of these were from well-known





WHICH CARD?

Supplement to FORTUNE WEEKLY CHRONICLE

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persons; others were from country rectories; one from a doctor in large practice in the Midlands; and the last—yes, I admit that the last had a fascination which made me consign the other six to the bundle which I had already rejected. The writer of the letter was a widow. "I have never taken what is called a 'paying guest,'" she wrote. "My husband was a member of Parliament, my father was a general officer, and I was left a widow with six children several years ago. You will understand that I have a considerable income, but with a boy at Oxford, a girl at Girton, two boys at Harrow, and two girls at home with an expensive governess, I shouldn't be sorry to fill one of my spare rooms with a guest who would bring with him a little profit. I have never done such a thing before, but I would prefer to take such a course as your advertisement seems to indicate, to curtailing any of the usual Christmas festivities."

That was the house for me. An Oxford boy, a Girton girl, two lads from Harrow, and a couple of younger girls with a governess—that was the house for me. I wrote and exactly explained by own position, and finally I agreed to spend a week at the Old Hall, Covenford, in return for which I was to give an honorarium of fifteen pounds. I felt that Mrs. Wellsford's letter was so genuine, and her position so indisputable, that partly for her comfort and partly for my own, in closing the bargain I inclosed my check for fifteen pounds in advance, so that we might have neither the embarrassment nor the annoyance of a bill at the end of my visit. And on Christmas Eve I went down to Covenford, armed with a sheaf of the latest magazines and journals, a huge box of Fuller's sweets, and a couple of hundred Turkish cigarettes.

Arrived at Covenford station, which, by-the-bye, was of the country order, I was accosted on the platform by a tall young fellow in a rough ulster and tweed cap.

"Mr. Oxendale?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes, that is my name. I suppose you are one of Mrs. Wellsford's sons?"

"Yes, I am Alec Wellsford, the eldest one. My mother asked me to come and meet you. Have you any more luggage than this?"

I disclaimed the ownership of any luggage in the van. My belongings consisted of a portmanteau, a rug, a walking-stick, the colored literature and the sweet-meats of which I have already spoken.

"Oh, then we can take this along with us. You see our trap is not very big. If you had brought anything like luggage I should have had to get the station-master to send it up."

"Are you far from the station?"

"A matter of two and a half miles," he replied, carelessly.

I followed him out of the station on to the country road. A diminutive pony was waiting in a square diminutive cart. "Can it take us all?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course he can. He's a jolly little chap, and as strong as a dray horse. Here, Jim, stick the portmanteau on end—that's the way—and put that smaller box at the bottom. Now, Mr. Oxendale, get in, and then we'll tuck ourselves comfortably in with the rugs."

England's Marvelous State Crown

THE STATE or imperial crown of England consists of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its weight is thirty-nine ounces, five pennyweights, Troy. The lower part of the band above the ermine border consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size and six other sapphires, three on each side, between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the several sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds.

In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond maltese cross is the famous ruby, said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., by Don Pedro, King of Castile. It is pierced quite through, after the eastern way, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant dia-

monds. Three other maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain, each, one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and thirty-four, and one hundred and thirty brilliant diamonds. Between the four maltese crosses are four ornaments in the shape of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose diamonds. From the maltese crosses issue four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table, and brilliant diamonds, twenty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred; and eight brilliants, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pearl-shaped pearls, with rose diamond cups, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stems containing twenty-four very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliants, and in the upper two hundred and forty-four brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the

centre, surrounded by four large brilliants and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants.

This sapphire is said to have come out of the famous ring of Edward the Confessor, and was long treasured in his shrine. The possession of the stone was supposed to bestow some miraculous power.

This crown was made for Queen Victoria, as the then state crown was too large, from jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of her Majesty.

The crown worn by the sovereign on minor occasions of state, called the crown of England, is of similar design to the state or imperial crown, but is principally goldsmith's work, with few jewels.

Did you ever see such sweets, mother?" cried Hilda. "Aren't they glorious? It was good of you to think of it."

"It was fate," said Muriel, "fate that made me point out that advertisement to mother."

"You are fond of Fuller's sweets," I said smiling.

"Yes, I am. And look at the box. Did you ever see such a lovely box—all silk, and jeweled trimming on it?"

"I think, as you pointed out the advertisement, that you ought to have the box," I suggested.

"I should like it," she replied. "We should all like it. No, I will let mother have it."

I noticed that Dorothy said nothing.

Well, I stayed a whole week at the Old Hall at Covenford. I never enjoyed a week so much in my life. The Wellsfords were such a gay, hearty, sympathetic and refined family; they were like a breath of brisk moorland air. They said all that they wanted to say, but they were never rude. They were perfectly open and honest, but they were never brutally frank. They took life as it came, and were contented and happy with it, and, what was more to the point with me, they seemed to like me for myself, independently of that honorarium which I had sent in advance.

I had a glorious time. I hardly knew myself. There was no great money outlay. The entertainments had cost but little—a dance one evening with claret cup and a few sandwiches and sweet things, a smaller dance at the rectory; a big entertainment in the village; a little skating, a little hockey, a getting to and fro as best we could, with the infant dray horse in the box on wheels, simple meals, and yet over all that bright and pleasant spirit of harmony such as I had never known before.

"I hope, Mr. Oxendale," said Mrs. Wellsford, when I took my leave of her, "I hope that you will come and see us again. I mean—I mean—of course it was very useful, that check, and it made all the difference to the children's Christmas—but we should be very glad if you would come again, just as we are, when you have a week end, you know. I think men in town and men living alone as you do, are glad to get out of London for a week end. Is it not so?"

"May I come again soon?" I asked.

"Why, surely, yes. We have this large house. You need only send us a wire in time to meet the train."

"And I shall find a welcome?"

"I am sure you will."

"With all of you, Mrs. Wellsford?"

"Yes, I am sure you will with all of us."

"Do you think," I said, hesitatingly, "that you could find a different kind of welcome for me?"

"I don't think I quite understand you."

"Well, could you welcome me as—a—son-in-law?"

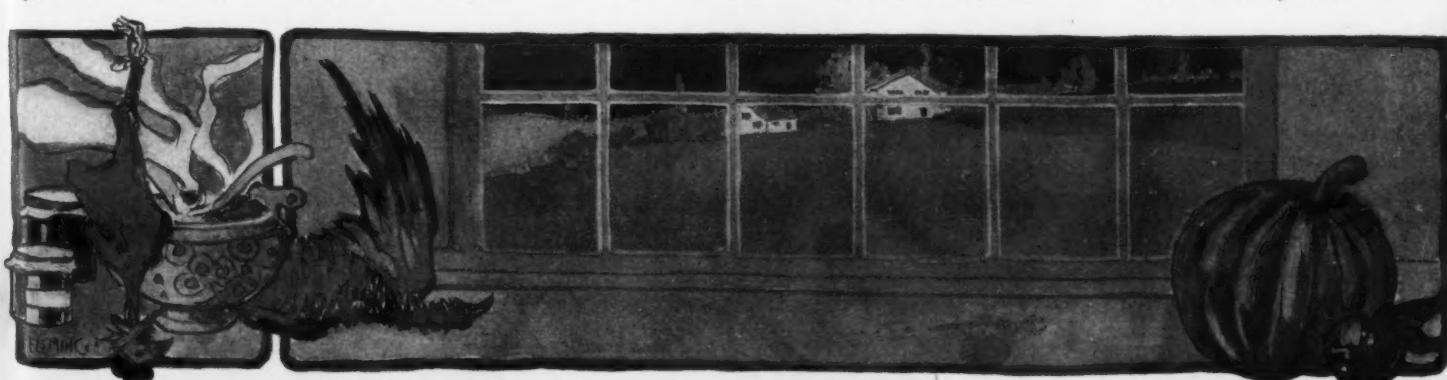
"Oh," she said, with a smile, "I might. But you must talk to Dorothy about that."

And I did talk to Dorothy about it when I went down for a week end. And now we go down to Covenford quite often, she and I.

centre, surrounded by four large brilliants and one hundred and eight smaller brilliants.

This sapphire is said to have come out of the famous ring of Edward the Confessor, and was long treasured in his shrine. The possession of the stone was supposed to bestow some miraculous power.

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AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE OF SANTA CLAUS.
AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT WHICH DESPOILS HIM OF MANY OF HIS GIFTS.

Drawn by G. B. Fox.



An Open Letter to Santa Claus

By
R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Drawings by C. J. TAYLOR

ence with the battle axe of wisdom. To begin with, doff that ill-cut and clumsy-looking suit you have been wearing so long, and ask your wife to send it to the Woman's Auxiliary to be forwarded to the heathen. You have been such a sartorial guy that I cannot understand how it is that you have not been picked up and gold-bricked long ago. You could break a fashion plate or stop an automobile by casting a mere casual glance on either.

Your clothes do not fit you, and you don't fit your clothes. You are at variance architecturally, and you are old enough to know that there is no suit of clothing that will fit any man, although there is a key that will wind any watch, and a tea-biscuit that will fit any indigestion. You should also surrender that thing which you regard in the light of a hat to the tender ravages of time. Although you are probably the best-advertised, as well as the most popular, man in the universe, you make nothing out of it. Do you think that this course is right when you consider the future of your family? And do you not think that there is a limit to this habit of giving always and receiving never? If you do not it is high time for you to have a lightning change of thought. Now, why do you not write series of articles for some big magazine, and inform the public how you came to be called Santa Claus, and how you ever came to think of becoming the patron and friend of all little children—good and bad alike? And, also why you present gold watches to the children of the rich, and red apples and sticks of candy to the off-springs of the poor? Then you might tell us how long a reindeer lasts, and what the wear and tear on him amounts to in your hands. You could tell all sorts of things in connection with your life-work which would be of wide interest, and for which you could successfully charge your own price. And what is more, no one could

better for the stock-holders of the various express companies, the average of whom can smell a dividend at a greater distance than an Ethiop can scent a shanghai be-silvered by the dancing rays of Artemis. From such a flying start for money and success it is perfectly consistent to conclude that the long-headed financier, Mr. Morgan, would use his influence in having you made president of the toy trust with a good salary, and no deer to feed and otherwise care for. You could then



Dec. 1, 1901.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, I still feel that I know you in a certain way, because of our relations which were pleasant and showed marked appreciation on both sides. I remember distinctly how you once brought me an ostrich that I had seen in a shop window, and had expressed a desire to include among my toy worldly possessions. It was a crockery ostrich with crockery feathers and internals that were also crockery, and not chocolate cream. You have probably forgotten that you left it for me, but the incident of discovering it standing on the deck of a red sled, at the foot of my bed, and just under a stocking filled to repletion with all sorts of good things, is a picture that stands in my memory in bronze and refuses to fade, grow dim, or to lose an iota of the polish that lingers in my dreams like a veritable bloom of youth.

Fancy my amazement, if you can, when I saw this ornithological triumph in crockery which I had been longing for, and marveled at your wondrous skill in reading the minds of children and ministering to their wants in a manner so well calculated to fill them with hilarity. I also remember the drawing-cards you brought me. Those I can never forget, and to be perfectly frank with you, I don't want to forget them. They consisted of houses that were built to draw and not to live in, in which respect they appealed strongly to me as purely artistic pictures. The doorways were crooked, the windows were broken, and there was always a stone at the corner of the house from under which the grass grew upward convexly like the neck whiskers on the horny-handed disciple of Cincinnati. The cow that always appeared to be paralyzed with an expression whose most prominent quality seemed to be, so to speak, an emulsion of abstraction and amazement, was sadly out of plumb, and seemed warped in her mad desire to solve the mystery that was throbbing in her vision. She was

covered with spots—in fact, she was an argosy of spots, which in shape looked like islands on a map. In looking her over I used to think, in a geographical way, that the spots or islands represented the land and the white background the water, which view, I beg to say, had no reference to milk adulteration.

But this is a digression, a mere discursive bit of mental rambling that I pray you will forgive and

forget with your customary good nature. What I started out to say was that in our relations, which were purely those of presenter and presentee, I naturally had the better of the arrangement, if I may so loosely put it. In other words, you did everything for me and I was unable to do anything for you in return. But now I am capable, I think, of giving you some wholesome chunks of advice cut from a huge mountain of experi-



or would contradict you, in which respect you would be more fortunate than our generals and admirals who have done so much to give us a clearer idea of the engagements in which they took part than we could possibly have gleaned from newspaper reports. You would then roll in the shimmering shekels of the realm, and eat diamond-back terrapin off a diamond-studded salver; and smoke Latakia through rose water.

You could also write testimonials, and become as an oriental monarch of financial power. Your opinion of a lawn-mower, a clothes-wringer, or a cyclopedia would be worth anything to the makers that you might feel disposed to ask. And then there are other fields in which you might raise flowers of unparalleled financial beauty, even as the aesthetic young woman armed and fortified with a back yard raises violets and gooseless gooseberries. Any department-store that indulges and luxuriates in a Santa Claus window, that sets all childhood mad with joy, would gladly employ you at Italian opera rates to sit in and move around the window in your official robes. It would be a real Santa Claus window, and you would be filling stockings in steam heat, and people would flock from all over creation for the pleasure of looking upon your dear old features. You could make this store the headquarters from which to send your presents all over the country. This would be better for you than bouncing and bobbing over the billowy snowdrifts, and sliding down narrow chimneys at the risk of fracturing your alimentary canal, and otherwise disturbing your peace of mind. It would also be

move in that select circle known by the general title of automobile people, and have a fine time of it.

Furthermore, you should not fail to make some vaudeville engagements for yourself. You would fill any house, and your specialty might be called "The Day Before Christmas," and you could pack the sled, harness the deer, and after doing a song and dance, start on your merry journey, amid snow-flakes, sleigh-bells, and all the other delicacies of the season. You would be a leading card among leading cards, and in order to fill all the engagements you would have offered you at your own price, it would be necessary to have about one hundred hours in a day. These offhand suggestions are made in the best of faith, and I trust they may be accepted in a spirit like unto that in which they are offered. In your round this year whenever you come to the stocking of some appreciative person to whom you desire to make a special gift, will you kindly remember to gild the said stocking with a subscription to Judge and LESLIE'S WEEKLY. It will be highly appreciated, not only by the recipient, but by ourselves. And we would feel particularly happy to know that you know, just as we know, that for a double-barrelled Christmas present Judge and LESLIE'S WEEKLY is the best on record, barring none.

Let me trust that this may find you and yours in the best of health and spirits. If it makes you one-quarter as happy as you made me with that crockery ostrich in the dim and dusty past, then will you be happy indeed, and in causing you such happiness will I be happy too. With kind regards and best wishes,

YOURS FOR YULE-TIDE.





A Pupil of Chestnut Ridge

Continued from page 575.

was tall and thin, with a smooth complexionless face, but, to the master's astonishment, he had the blue-gray eye of the higher or Castilian type of native Californian. Further inquiry proved that he was a son of one of the old impoverished Spanish grant holders, whose leagues and cattle had been mortgaged to the Hoovers, who now retained the son to control the live stock, "on shares." "It looks kinder ez ef he might hev an eye on that poorty little gal when she's an age to marry," suggested a jealous swain.

For several days the girl submitted to her school tasks with her usual languid indifference and did not again transgress the ordinary rules. Nor did Mr. Brooks again refer to their hopeless conversation. But one afternoon he noticed that in the silence and preoccupation of the class she had substituted another volume for her textbook and was perusing it with the articulating lips of the unpracticed reader. He demanded it from her. With blazing eyes and both hands thrust into her desk she refused and defied him. Mr. Brooks slipped his arm around her waist, quietly lifted her from the bench—feeling her little teeth pierce the back of his hand as he did so—but secured the book. Two of the elder boys and girls had risen with excited faces.

"Sit down!" said the master sternly.

They resumed their places with awed looks. The master examined the book. It was a little Spanish prayer book—the "Garden of the Soul." "You were reading this?" he said in her own tongue. "Yes! you shall not prevent me," she burst out. "Mother of God! they will not let me read it at the ranch. They would take it from me. And now you!"

"You may read it when and where you like, except when you should be studying your lessons," returned the master quietly. "You may keep it here in your desk, and peruse it at recess. Come to me for it then. You are not fit to read it now."

The girl looked up with astounded eyes, which, in the capriciousness of her passionate nature, the next moment filled with tears. Then dropping on her knees she caught the master's bitten hand and covered it with tears and kisses. But he quietly disengaged it and lifted her to her seat; there was a sniffling sound among the benches, which, however, quickly subsided as he glanced around the room, and the incident ended.

Regularly thereafter she took her prayer book at recess and disappeared with the children, finding, as he afterwards learned, a seat under a secluded buckeye tree, where she was not disturbed by them until her orisons were concluded. The children must have remained loyal to some command of hers, for the incident and this custom were never told out of school, and the master did not consider it his duty to inform Mr. or Mrs. Hoover. If the child could recognize some check, even

if it were deemed by some a superstitious one, over her capricious and precocious nature, why should he interfere?

One day at recess he presently became conscious of the ceasing of those small voices in the woods around



Miss Dolly's Santa Claus

DO YOU know Miss Dolly? She's Marguerite's pet.

And, like other dollies, sometimes she will fret. The night before Christmas she'd not go to bed—"I want to sit up and see Santa Claus," she said. So her mamma told her nice stories, you know, "Till Dolly, reluctantly, said she would go. "I don't care," said Dolly, "e're I go to my bed I'll hang up my stocking real close to my head, Then I'll peep very slyly out of one eye, And I won't go to sleep till Santa I spy." But the clock on the wall ticked awfully slow, The hours seemed bound they never would go; 'Till at last poor Dolly had dropped off to sleep, Her promise, she found, was too hard to keep.

NOW "WINKS" is a spaniel, a very smart dog—I tell you that "Winks" is no chump on a log; Said he, "I'll play Santa Claus, that's just the thing, And all the nice toys to Dolly I'll bring. So he gathered them up and filled a large pack, And strapped it securely upon his brown back; Then in Dolly's neat chamber he ventured to peep, And seeing that Dolly was quite fast asleep, He walked along softly up near to her bed, And filling her stocking up chuck-full, he said, "Oh! don't she look sweet? There's a kiss I would take, If I wasn't afraid the darling would wake."

the schoolhouse which were always as familiar and pleasant to him in his seclusion as the song of their playfellows—the birds themselves. The continued silence at last awakened his concern and curiosity. He had sel-

dom intruded upon or participated in their games or amusements, remembering when a boy himself the heavy incompatibility of the best intentioned adult intruder to even the most hypocritical polite child at such a moment. A sense of duty, however, impelled him to step beyond the school-house, where to his astonishment he found the adjacent woods empty and soundless. He was relieved, however, after penetrating its recesses, to hear the distant sound of small applause and the unmistakable choking gasps of Johnny Stidgers's pocket accordion. Following the sound he came at last upon a little hollow among the sycamores where the children were disposed in a ring, in the centre of which, with a hand-kerchief in each hand, Concha the melancholy! Concha the devout! was dancing that most extravagant feat of the fandango—the audacious semicuaca!

Yet, in spite of her rude and uncertain accompaniment, she was dancing it with a grace, precision, and lightness that was wonderful; in spite of its doubtful poses and seductive languors she was dancing it with the artless gayety and innocence—perhaps from the suggestion of her tiny figure—of a mere child among an audience of children. Dancing it alone, she assumed the parts of the man and woman; advancing, retreating, coqueting, rejecting, coyly bewitching, and at last yielding as lightly and as immaterially as the flickering shadows that fell upon them from the waving trees overhead. The master was fascinated, yet troubled. What if there had been other spectators? Would the parents take the performance as innocently as the performer and her little audience? He thought it necessary, later, to suggest this delicately to the child. Her temper rose, her eyes flashed:

"Ah! the slipper, she is forbidden! The prayer-book, she must not! The dance, it is not good! Truly there is nothing!"

For several days she sulked. One morning she did not come to school, nor the next. At the close of the third day the master called at the Hoovers' ranch. Mrs. Hoover met him embarrassedly in the hall. "I was sayin' to Hiram he ought to tell ye, but he didn't like to till it was certain! Concha's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the master.

"Yes! Run off with Pedro. Married to him yesterday by the Popish priest at the Mission."

"Married! that child?"

"She wasn't no child, Mr. Brooks. We were deceived. My brother was a fool, and men don't understand those things. She was a grown woman, accordin' to their folks' way and ages, when she kem here. And that's what bothered me!"

There was a week's excitement at Chestnut Ridge, but it pleased the master to know that while the children grieved for the loss of Concha they never seemed to understand why she had gone.

Christmas in the Ice-Bound Arctic

Continued from page 581.

calico, with her blonde curls of Manila hemp, and her winning ways, was most captivating in spite of the huge moccassins that projected from beneath her dainty skirts. When the play was over, all of the sailors claimed a kiss from the only girl they had seen for months—the "Belle of the Arctic Ocean." Jolly bo'sun Jack Cole, declared it the prettiest imitation of a girl he had ever seen, and for fear he might never see another, he was determined to have a kiss from the "young lady."

Christmas day dawned bright and clear. We had a holiday dinner of canned goods, roast seal, plum pudding, and excellent mince pies made from pemmican. Officers and men aboard the Jeannette fared alike, not only on this, but on all other days. At all times the same allowance of food was served out. On jollification nights all received the same quantity of spirits. These nights were Saturdays and holidays, and, I may add, were the only occasions when spirits were served on shipboard, and then only two ounces to each person. Mixed with a pint of hot water, spice, and candied lemon peel, it made a drink to revive the most downcast. And though drifting in a terrible unknown sea of ice and snow, and cut off from all communication with the busy world, we were

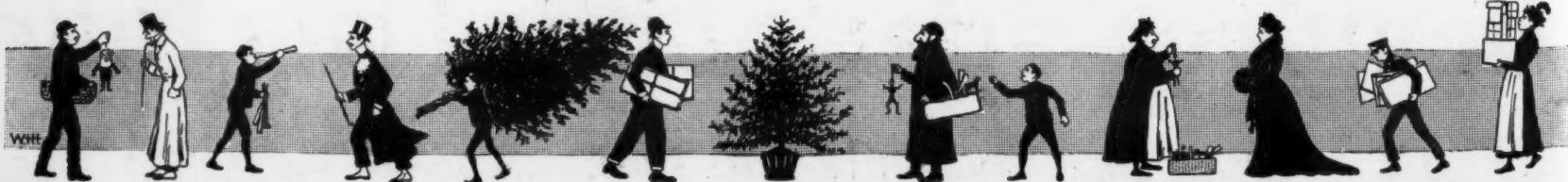
happy in the hope that we should yet accomplish our mission, and win fame and glory—and thus our Christmas two days aboard the Jeannette passed by merrily enough.

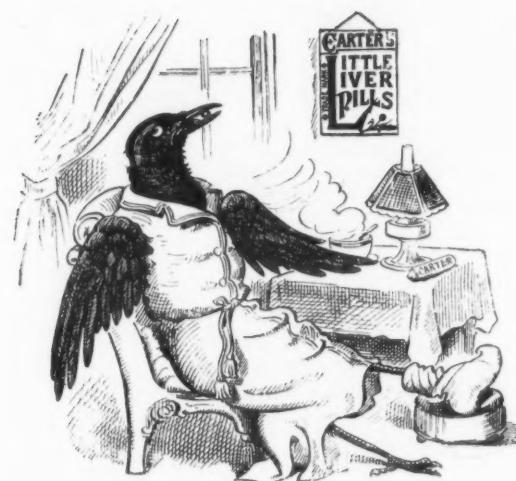
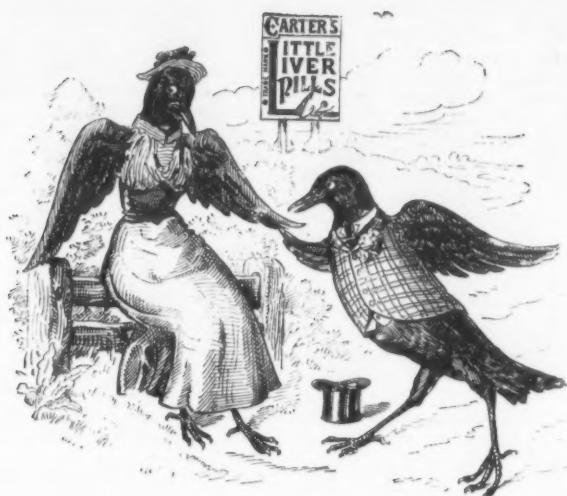
Time, however, had in store for us the bitterness of a fate most bitter. Before the next Christmas came, the Jeannette lay beneath the waters of the Arctic Ocean. Cast out on the ice, without shelter, 500 miles from the nearest point of succor, with seven of our number on the sick list, we were confronted with the disheartening task of hauling our boats and camp equipage, provisions, etc., to open water. Then began that march of retreat to the South, that long march of peril and privation. But still that intrepid band pressed on, unflinching, the strong helping and cheering the sick and weary. The record of the loyalty and bravery of that faithful crew, beset by calamity and disaster, has won them deathless fame! The roads over the broken ice were so rough that to forward our eight pieces of baggage we had to advance them one at a time, and each mile was traveled thirteen times. Thus, dragging boats, provisions, and often our sick comrades, on the sledges, we reached the open sea.

Launching our three boats, we set out in them to cross over to Siberia. In a violent gale the boat com-

manded by Lieutenant Chipp was swamped and all were drowned. The first cutter and the whaleboat, under the commands of Lieutenant Commander De Long and myself, were separated in the storm, and we landed on the coast of Siberia, nearly two hundred miles apart. Unable to find shelter or aid the heroic commander and all of his brave crew died of cold and starvation in that desolate, desert waste, except the two seamen who had been sent forward for succor. These men were found nearly dead in a deserted hut on the Lena River by native hunters, and were thus rescued. My boat, entering one of the many eastern mouths of the Lena River, our little party of eleven, after days of hardship and suffering, met natives, who cared for us until we were able to keep on our journey to the southward.

The third Christmas found me enjoying a Christmas in Yakutsk, Siberia, and fitting out an expedition to find the dead comrades with whom I had passed the two preceding ones so happily. Of our gallant ship's company twenty dauntless souls were sleeping their everlasting sleep through "the long, long Arctic nights," buried beneath the snow drifts, held in the cruel grasp of the dread ice, when Christmas morning broke again. At this writing, but six of that gallant company now remain.





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Morphine Fetters Broken.

A number of the best-known representative business and professional men of New York, being convinced that there is no way in which more good can be accomplished, have formed themselves into an interdenominational committee for the purpose of receiving donations for the curing of the unfortunate victims of the drug habit who are in impoverished circumstances. This committee gives its services gratuitously, guaranteeing that the funds will be carefully protected and used to the best advantage as intended by the contributors. The system of cure recommended by this committee has the unqualified endorsement of the leading physicians of the most distinguished and conservative institutions of New York City, and the consensus of opinion is that the cure is unequalled for the purpose, and these physicians declare that no contributions given for benevolent purposes heretofore will surpass in value those given for the curing of the unfortunate victims of the drug habit at home without pain or publicity or interference with business. People of means addicted to the drug habit are availing themselves of this cure. The following are a few of the representative and well-known men to whom the matter has been referred for investigation and who are so convinced of the efficacy of the cure and the benevolent designs of this movement as to allow their names to be used as references by those desiring to aid in this good work:

The late Rev. Dr. John Hall, D.D., LL.D., of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, said that the sufferings caused by the Johnstown flood were not to be compared to the suffering caused by the drug habit.

Pastors: Rev. R. F. Sample, D.D., LL.D., ex-moderator of the General Assembly and pastor of the West Twenty-third Street Presbyterian Church; Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., pastor of the Collegiate Reformed Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street; Rev. W. Schenck, pastor of Evangelical Lutheran Church, West Forty-fifth Street.

Secretaries of Foreign Mission Boards: A. H. Burlingham, D.D., former district secretary of the American Baptist Mission Union; Rev. S. S. Baldwin, D.D., recording secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 150 Fifth Avenue; Rev. C. C. Creegan, D. D., district secretary American Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. Henry Cobb, D.D., Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church of America, 25 East Twenty-second Street.

Editors: Rev. C. A. Stoddard, D.D., editor New York Observer; La Salle Maynard, Esq., editor Christian at Work, New York; Rev. Edward M. Bliss, D.D., editor of The Independent, New York; Thomas O. Conant, LL.D., editor of The Examiner; also W. W. Westervelt, Esq., attorney-at-law, New York; Jenkins & McGowan, printers, New York; A. Condall, Esq., manufacturer of artificial limbs, New York; and Mother Prindle of the Rescue Mission, New York; Mrs. E. G. Underhill, of the Rescue Mission, Newark, N. J.; Miss Fannie Morris Smith, Steinway Company, Fourteenth Street, New York, and others.

The officers of this committee are as follows:

President, Rev. R. F. Sample, D.D., LL.D., ex-moderator of the General Assembly, pastor emeritus of West Twenty-third Street Presbyterian Church, New York.

First vice-president, Thomas O. Conant, LL.D., editor of The Examiner.

Second vice-president, Rev. Francis E. Marsten, D.D., president of the Presbyterian supply committee.

Treasurer, W. W. Westervelt, attorney, 32 Pine Street, New York, an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church, to whom all contributions are to be sent.

Secretary, Rev. W. N. Ritchie, D.D., 156 Fifth Avenue, Presbyterian building, corner Twentieth Street, New York, who has charge of this treatment and from whom all information about method of cure can be obtained.

His Journalistic Experience.

"THEN you have had experience in the newspaper business, eh?" he asked of a rich old codger.

"Oh, yes, I have spent a good deal of money with the newspapers."

"Er—in getting articles printed about you?"

"Yes, and in keeping them out."

That's It.

Ruben Railfence—"Down ter the city. Sam, did ye find out anything 'bout what this here new journalism is that we read so much about?"

Samuel Sitarwhittle—"I ain't sure, but my opinion is that it's nothin' but them there bullytin-boards."

Mischief Maker.

A SURPRISE IN BROOKLYN.

An adult's food that can save a baby proves itself to be nourishing and easily digested and good for big and little folks. A Brooklyn man says: "When baby was about eleven months old he began to grow thin and pale. This was, at first, attributed to the heat and the fact that his teeth were coming, but, in reality, the poor little thing was starving, his mother's milk not being sufficient nourishment.

"One day after he had cried bitterly for an hour, I suggested that my wife try him on Grape-Nuts. She soaked two teaspoonsfuls in a saucer with a little sugar and warm milk. This baby ate so ravenously that she fixed a second which he likewise finished. It was not many days before he forgot all about being nursed, and has since lived almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. To-day the boy is strong and robust, and as cute a mischief-maker as a thirteen-months-old baby is expected to be.

"We have put before him other foods, but he will have none of them, evidently preferring to stick to that which did him so much good in his time of need—his old friend Grape-Nuts.

"Use this letter any way you wish, for my wife and I can never praise Grape-Nuts enough after the brightness it has brought to our household. These statements can be verified by anyone who wishes to make a visit to our home," F. F. McElroy, 256 So. 3rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Insurance Agent.

OUR attention has been called to an article from the pen of Henry Moir, Esq., actuary of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, which we deem sufficiently good to reproduce. Speaking of the agent, in his very suggestive contribution, he says:

"He is one of the most genial and affable of men and yet a professional call from an insurance agent is not always welcomed. He is also a public benefactor doing good to people, sometimes against their own wills, by inducing them to undertake a duty when they might otherwise leave their families unprotected. He is the means of saving hundreds of widows and helpless children from destitution; he teaches young men habits of thrift, laying the foundation of many a fortune; he assists creditors and debtors in their business relationships; he aids partners in business; submits to rich men a means of investment, and to poor men the only practical protection for their families.

"Then why should a useful man constantly doing good, and whose companionship is pleasant and agreeable, be unpopular? Partly from the fact that many people do not yet appreciate to the full the benefits of life insurance. Some dislike to have the claims of humanity, even the claims of duty to their nearest and dearest, thrust upon their notice; they shrink from the call of conscience and force back their better feelings in order that they may gratify immediate desires. Another reason is that insurance agents do not sufficiently recognize the dignity of their profession, forgetting that they are conferring benefits, and they too often go before the public as if soliciting favors.

"An agent should stand before his fellows in the full consciousness of his own uprightness and honor. He devotes his life to a noble profession, and the reward received is often meagre in the extreme when compared with his constant energy and faithful adherence to honest and beneficial work.

"When an agent approaches the subject of life insurance he is usually met with one or the other of the following excuses: 'I am insured already and can't afford to pay more premiums'; or, 'What is the use of my taking a policy, as I have no one dependent upon me?'

"The man who is 'insured already' carries a policy for a thousand or two and says he cannot afford more because he has a wife and children to maintain. But how would they be maintained if the bread-winner were forever removed? For how many years could the widow and children subsist on \$1,000 or \$2,000? In two cases out of every three, where such an excuse is made, the insurance is utterly inadequate to the circumstances. If the whole of the assured's income is being otherwise spent, then the style of living is more costly than the income justifies, and some systematic retrenchment is necessary so that the extra insurance may be feasible. This would give a feeling of security formerly unknown and would lay up a store for future necessities, to be drawn upon in days of storm and trouble. Neglect to insure under such circumstances is absolutely wrong!

"The young man who has no helpless dependents makes the excuse that insur-

ance in his case is not an immediate necessity; but in any event it is a step which indicates wise foresight. He is likely to need the insurance protection some day, for all young men look forward to the time when they will establish homes of their own, and the sooner the insurance is taken the cheaper is the cost. But even if he should never form his own home circle the policy, maintained out of ordinary yearly expenditure, would gradually acquire a commercial value and constitute a most desirable possession. To a young man life insurance is an excellent investment, bringing, in time of need, that joyous and unlooked-for relief which is all the more comforting when the trifling sacrifice for payment of premiums appears in retrospect.

"A life insurance agent may therefore approach all classes of the community with dignified mien; and, with words of vigorous exhortation, impress the unquestionable benefits of insurance. He speaks to some of their duty, and gently insinuates the element of personal interest into the minds of others. To all he points out the danger of delay, for the health and vigor of to-day may disappear to-morrow, and therefore his ever-recurring remark is: 'Now! Now! is the time.'

Antiseptics.

"Drugs are pernicious, destroyers of health—of life. If every drug in existence could be destroyed and none ever made again, the average life of mankind would be prolonged, the sum of human miseries lessened," said a Scientific Physician, Dr. E. Lee.

"What about antiseptics, doctor?"

"Antiseptics—cleansing agents are indispensable to the medical profession and are used extensively. But much harm has resulted by use of irritant poisons.

"Unbroken skin and mucous membranes resist germ life. But breaks, or inflammations, form openings and favorable soil for germ growth, and the material thrown off in their course occasions symptoms of acute poisoning.

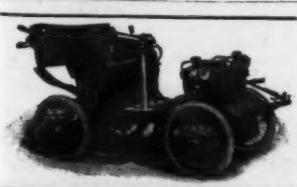
"Prevention is always safer—and better. Insignificant wounds and inflamed conditions should be bathed with cleansing solutions to aid Nature to heal by removal of obstructive micro-organisms—to restore normal conditions.

"The strongest cleansing agent with no toxic effect, no corrosive action, is Hydrozone.

"Gastric catarrh with nervous complications is one of the most stubborn ailments I know of. Although I am quite skeptical about new remedies, I gave up the routine treatment of injurious and worthless drugs and concluded to try Hydrozone and Glycozone. The results were so gratifying that since that time I have used these remedies with wonderful results in forty cases of gastric and intestinal diseases.

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,
BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES,
NO. 57 CHAMBERS STREET,
BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN,
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1901.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons who have omitted to pay their taxes for the year 1901 to pay the same to the Receiver of Taxes at his office in the Borough in which the property is located, as follows: Borough of Manhattan, No. 57 Chambers Street, Manhattan, N. Y.; Borough of The Bronx, corner Third and Tremont avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.; Borough of Brooklyn, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8 Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Borough of Queens, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City, N. Y.; Borough of Richmond, Richmond Building, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.; before the first day of January, 1902, as provided by section 919 of the Greater New York Charter (Chapter 378, Laws of 1897). Upon any such tax remaining unpaid after the first day of December, 1901, one per centum will be charged, received and collected in addition to the amount thereof, and upon such tax remaining unpaid on the first day of January, 1902, interest will be charged, received and collected upon the amount thereof at the rate of seven per centum per annum, to be calculated from the seventh day of October, 1901, on which day the assessment rolls and warrants for the taxes of 1901 were delivered to the said Receiver of Taxes, to the date of payment, pursuant to section 916 of said act.

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

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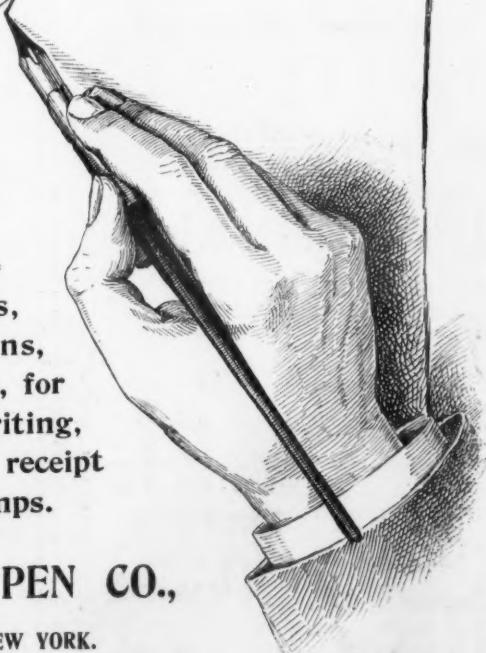
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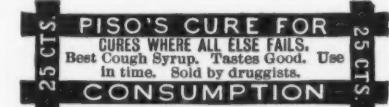
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